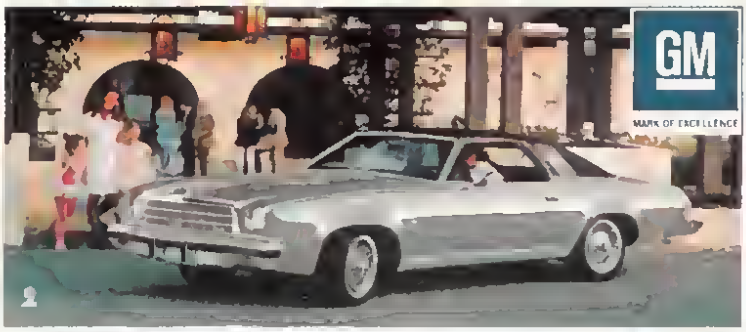
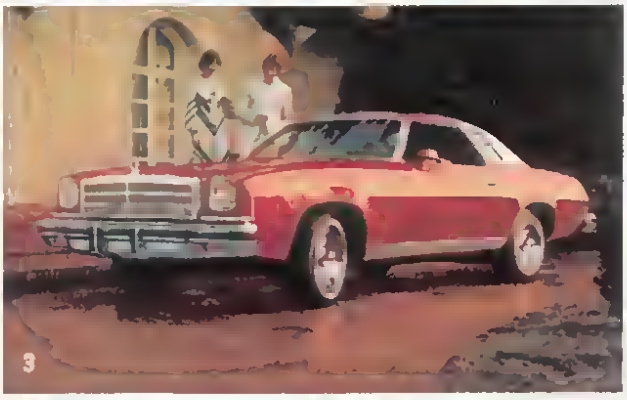
Sports Illustrated
MAY 13, 1974 60 CENTS

THE BIGGEST DERBY

Cannonade Beats Them All





The Family Album of mid-size Chevelles.

Nine mid-size, mid-price choices from Chevrolet. A complete family of coupes, sedans and wagons. Sixes and V8's. All with emphasis on the kind of value that makes sense these days.

Four nice coupes.

If you've got economy on your mind, you'll be happy to hear that the popular Malibu **(1)**, a car with a reputation for value, is our lowest priced Chevelle coupe. The Malibu Classic **(2)** adds a touch of comfort and class with its rich interior, coach windows and more. The Malibu Classic Landau **(3)**, with its special half-vinyl roof and pinstriping, is the most distinctive Chevelle, while our Laguna Type S-3 **(4)** is clearly the sportiest, with its bold body stripes, Rally wheels and special suspension.

Two roomy sedans.

Back to economy again with the Malibu Sedan **(5)**, our lowest priced Chevelle. A family car with 4-door practicality. The Malibu Classic Sedan **(6)** is richly appointed, especially on the inside, so six adults can ride in style.

Plus three wagons.

Three comfortable, family-size wagons, starting with the Malibu **(7)**, our most economical mid-size wagon. The Malibu Classic **(8)** has elegant touches you're sure to appreciate. The Malibu Classic Estate **(9)** tops our wagon line with the look of wood.

All Chevelle wagons, by the way, are available in 2-seat and 3-seat models.

That's our family. Now let's meet yours.

Chevrolet

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

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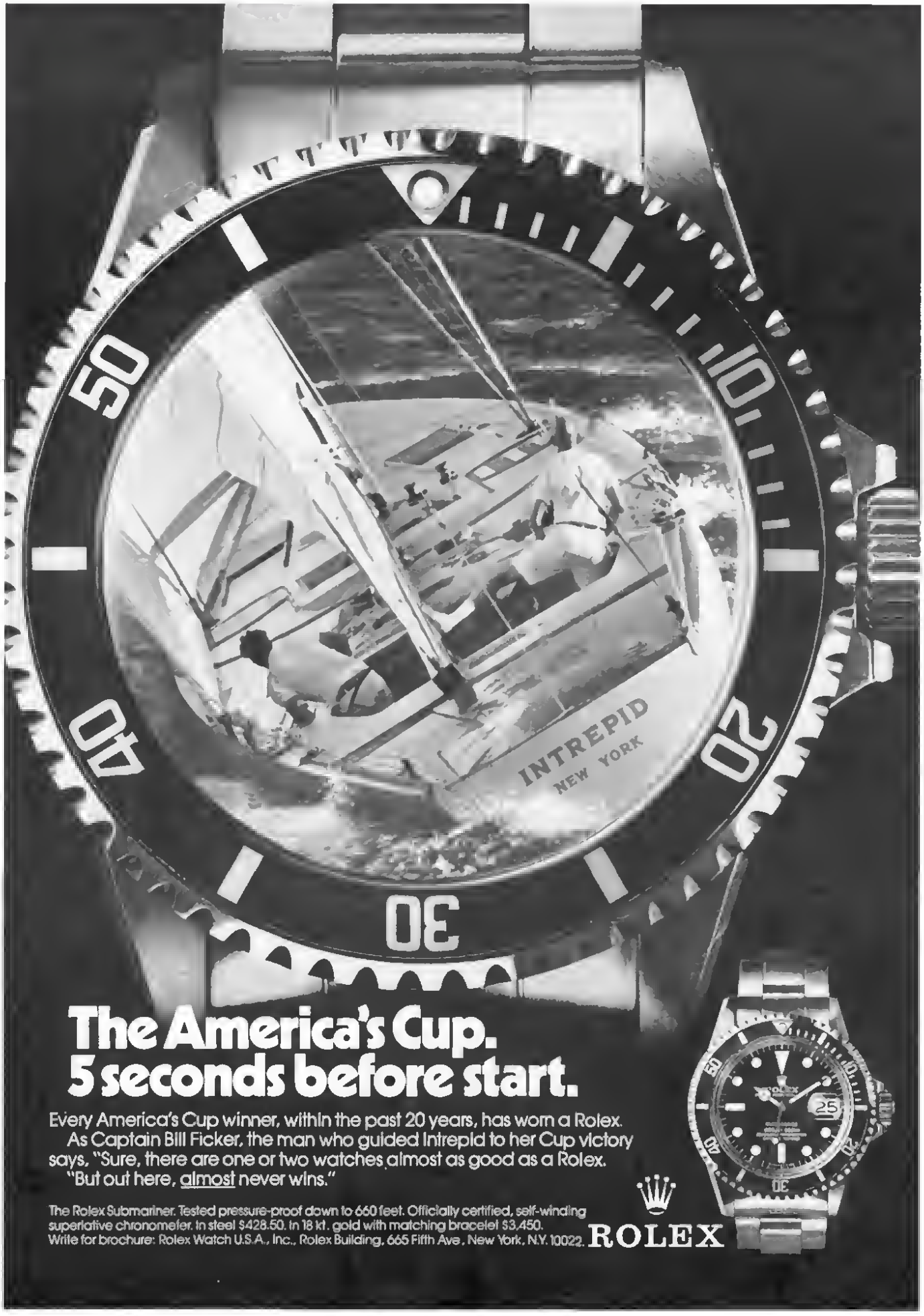


The America's Cup. 5 seconds before start.

Every America's Cup winner, within the past 20 years, has worn a Rolex.

As Captain Bill Ficker, the man who guided Intrepid to her Cup victory says, "Sure, there are one or two watches almost as good as a Rolex.

"But out here, almost never wins."

The Rolex Submariner. Tested pressure-proof down to 660 feet. Officially certified, self-winding superlative chronometer. In steel $428.50. In 18 kt. gold with matching bracelet $3,450.
Write for brochure: Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

ROLEX

Ever thump an insurance company?

(How the good people were tested – and found wanted.)

It's too bad you can't sample an insurance company's service *before* you become a policyholder. Especially when you're buying business insurance.

But once in a while a situation develops that *almost* gives you this advantage. Then you have a chance to reward good service. With your business.

Here's how we were put to the test recently. Employers Insurance of Wausau was a longtime workmen's compensation insurer for the Valsper Corporation, a manufacturer of paint and varnish. When the firm merged with Minnesote Paints, Inc., we immediately solicited *all* of the compensation coverage for the combined entity.

But the new management group said, "Not so fest — let's keep different insurance companies on different parts of the business and see how they perform. *Then* we'll decide if we should place all of the insurance with one company."

A year went by. Then two. And at renewal time, Employers of Wauseu was awarded the entire account. On the basis of service. And the policyholder's confidence in our ability to *prevent losses and reduce their insurence cost in the long run.*

We're not claiming we'd always win out. But we want to make this point: At Employers, we *concentrate* on business insurance. It's more than just an important part of our business — it's our reason for *baing* in business.

If you run a company with a single-minded purpose, you'll understand what makes us good at our job. And why we're known as good people to do business with.

COME TO THE SOURCE
Get the Wausau Story

EMPLOYERS INSURANCE OF WAUSAU Wausau, Wisconsin

Why pay extra for a Sony?

You'll find out in the most unlikely places.

On a boat using a special adaptor plug, on a picnic where there's no plug, or maybe you have a secret corner in the attic, where you just want to plug it in and escape.

Because portable means moveable. And this Sony is designed to play longer on batteries than just about any portable that exists.

Also, it's nice to know that if a picture can be gotten, Sony will get it.

Our portables seem to have an almost talent for bringing in distant signals.

Sharp.

The batteries and the auto boat adaptor are extra, but Sony's all solid-state circuitry, a glare-free screen, and built-in VHF and UHF antennas are standard with every model.

A few dollars more, yes.

But a small price to pay.

IT COSTS MORE, BUT IT'S SMALLER.

Model TV 751 (Portable Black and White Television Receiver)

Titleist. The biggest sweet spot in golf.

Nobody's perfect! If you're a 3-handicap golfer, for instance, you hit your iron shots perfectly only about 41% of the time. If you're a 14-handicap golfer, you hit your irons right on the money only 21% of the time.

But there's hope. The illustration below shows how Acushnet designed a club that forgives your less than perfect swing. It's the Titleist iron—the club that revolutionized golf club design.

Now you can miss the sweet spot.

Note, in the small photo below, how two heavy tungsten inserts have been precisely positioned away from the sweet spot. The large photo shows how greatly this increases the effective hitting area. Even if you mishit a shot low on the heel or high towards the toe (the kind of shots that formerly inspired some of the most colorful language on the fairways), you now will get a full 80% of the distance and accuracy that you would get from a perfect hit.

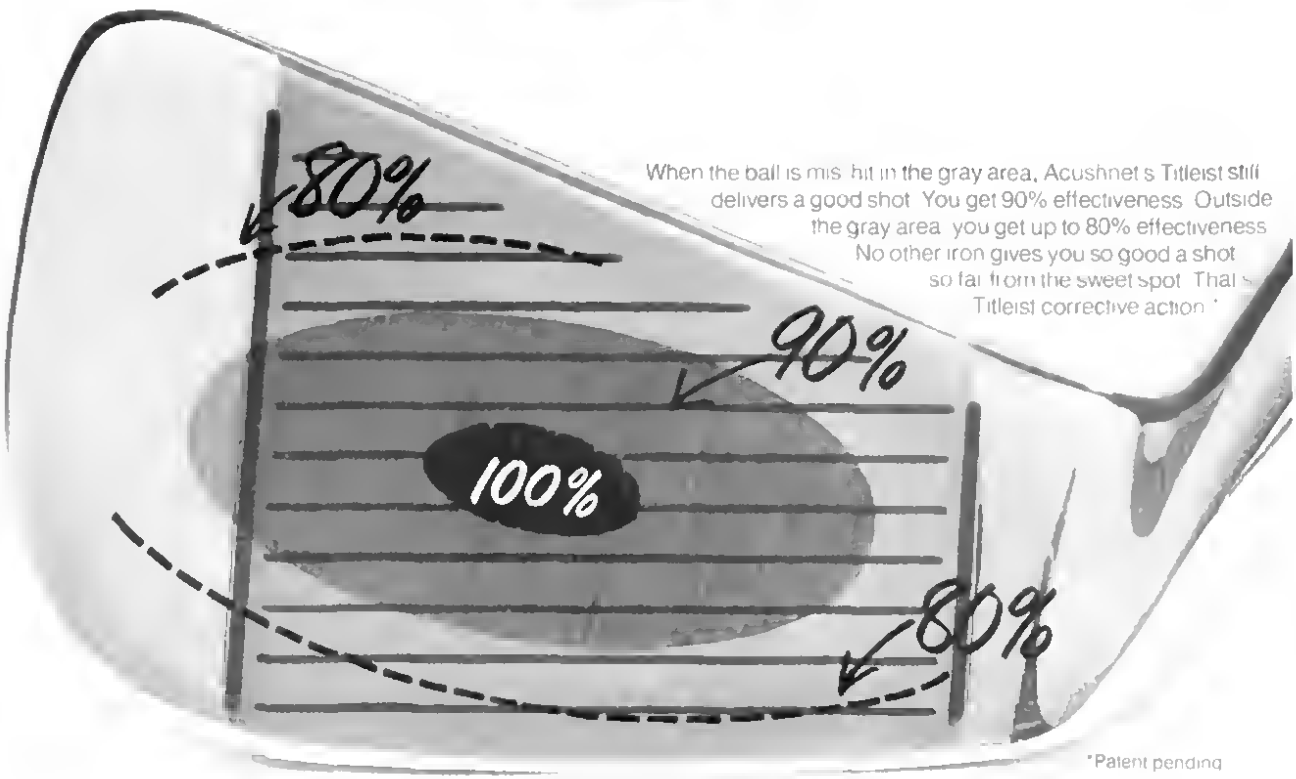
Titleist beats all other heel and toe clubs.

Recently Acushnet's Titleist irons were tested against four competitors. PGA (Ryder Cup II), Wilson 1200, Lynx, and Spalding Top-Flite. All these clubs claim heel and toe performance. But when #3 irons were tested with the mechanical golfer, Titleist out-performed them by far. When the ball was hit a full inch off the centroid (sweet spot), the Titleist iron sent the ball a full six yards farther than the nearest competitor. Twelve yards farther than the worst of the competitors. That could be the difference between the middle of the pond and the fringe of the green.

Make your own test.

Ask your pro to let you hit a few balls with a Titleist iron. Then hit some of the other new clubs, even the higher priced ones. You'll see why Titleist irons have become the number one selling clubs in golf.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT
Sold thru golf course pro shops



When the ball is mis-hit in the gray area, Acushnet's Titleist still delivers a good shot. You get 90% effectiveness. Outside the gray area, you get up to 80% effectiveness. No other iron gives you so good a shot so far from the sweet spot. That's Titleist corrective action.*

*Patent pending

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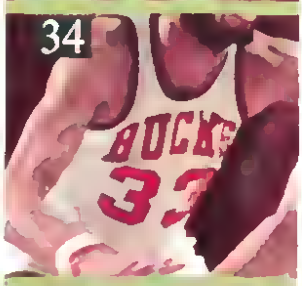

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Credits on page 109

Next week

NEW CHAMPIONS are assured in both the NBA and the ABA this year. But who? Peter Carry and Pat Putnam report on the decisive Celtics-Bucks and Nets-Stars series.

GENTLEMEN, start your run for the pole position. Indy racers roar off to qualify for the Memorial Day classic and Robert F. Jones is on hand for the vrooming and zooming.

IN THE MAW of a cave, a man can only wonder what lies beyond—hell or heaven, torture or tantalizing beauty. Bil Gilbert scrambles and squeezes toward the center of the earth.

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NY
FORD

When you own trucks, they own you.

Worrying about things like fuel, maintenance, licensing, spare parts inventory, fuel taxes and replacement trucks can keep your management people working on truck problems many hours after your *real* business has stopped working.

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We'd even pay you to take over these problems by purchasing your current fleet at a fair price, reconditioning it or replacing it with a brand new fleet. Either way...your capital will be back in your business and out of your trucks.

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Sure, you can dig down for the cash it takes to have the clock fixed.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

MULVOY: GOLF AND GAMES

CARRY: FLY NOW, PLAY LATER

To writers who cover hockey and basketball playoffs there are two kinds of series: tough and tougher. According to Peter Carry, who has been on the road since March 29 with the NBA and ABA, a tougher series is one that involves a West Coast team. Last year during the semifinals, he flew from New York to Los Angeles to Boston to San Francisco and back to New York, all in 48 hours.

Mark Mulvoy, SI's hockey writer, is a six-handicap golfer who tends to judge the Stanley Cup playoffs by the available courses. This year's final, he says, is a golfer's dream. "In Boston I can whip down to the Cape courses on the off days, and in Philadelphia there are Merion and Pine Valley."

Carry and Mulvoy have traveled more than 100,000 miles apiece since the start of their seasons, so the playoffs are merely a test of their early conditioning. One weekend in April Mulvoy wrote a story on the Rangers (SI, April 29), working overnight at his home in Rye, N.Y. He delivered it by messenger at 9 a.m. Saturday to Hockey Editor Ken Rudeen, then played in the opening-day tournament at Apawamis, his home course, and later drove into Manhattan. He parked at Penn Station, caught the 5:30 p.m. Metroliner to Philadelphia, took a cab to The Spectrum, watched the Flyers destroy the Rangers 4–0 and caught a bus back to New York. He picked up his car and was home in Rye at 3 a.m. By 9 a.m. Sunday he was in his office writing an addition to the Ranger story, and by 2 p.m. he was home again to watch the Bruins and Black Hawks on TV. "On Monday," he says, "I rested a lot."

Carry also sees his logistical problems as challenges and is at the peak of his competitive form during the playoffs. Two weeks ago he won a big one. It was 7:30 a.m. Sunday and the problem was getting from Salt Lake City, where he had just finished writing his Utah-Indiana story (SI, May 6), to Milwaukee in time for the start of the first game of the Bucks-Celtics series at 1:30. "I had it figured that if the plane to Chicago was on time, and if I could rent my car and be out of the O'Hare parking lot by 12:15, I could be in Milwaukee in exactly one hour and 15 minutes, in time for the tip-off."

However, April 28 was a fine spring day and everybody in Chicago was enjoying it at 35 mph on I-94, all of them in front of Carry. He made Milwaukee's Kilbourn Avenue exit 10 minutes behind schedule—just as the game broadcast began on his car radio.

Bent but not bowed, Carry sprinted from his car into the arena. "The first thing I hear is tumultuous applause," he says. "I realize I'm saved. They are giving Kareem Abdul-Jabbar his MVP award, and the crowd, which won't stop clapping, has delayed the start of the game. I not only make the tip-off, I have time to buy cigarettes."

And both men had time to cover all the action for this week's issue. Carry on page 34, Mulvoy on page 84. As you read this, they are back on the road again.

Jack Mayer

The advantages of playing a ball that cuts.

The regular Titleist must have something going for it.

Because there are plenty of durable balls that stand up better. We make one ourselves. Yet 9 out of 10 touring pros and top amateurs play a ball that cuts. By far, most of them play the regular Titleist.

Here's why.

Titleist's thin cover, along with Titleist's aerodynamically designed dimple pattern, gives you maximum distance and control. The reason is spin. A golf ball's spin, like a football's spiral, makes it bore through the air straight and true. When you hit a thin-cover ball, it flattens out slightly and clings to the clubface. This little delay makes it spin rapidly as it flies off the clubface. The ball goes farther—and gets the action it needs to stop where you want it to.

A hard-cover or solid ball, on the other hand, simply pops off the clubface. It never gets enough spin on it to give you maximum distance and control.

Titleist's thin balata cover, plus Titleist's unique wound construction, gives you the special click and feel that golfers have long associated with Titleist. It produces the extra yards that puts money in a pro's pocket. It delivers the perfect back spin that stops the ball right at the pin.

That's why the most played ball in the history of golf is a ball that cuts—the regular Titleist. And that's why more golfers than ever before are playing it.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT
Sold thru golf course pro shops only

Titleist. The one and only.

ANNOUNCING A PUBLISHING EVENT OF OLYMPIC PROPORTIONS-

Esquire's United States of Sports

After more than 40 years of covering the sports scene from Bobby Jones to Billie Jean King, Esquire Magazine will set a world record of its own this October. Roger Kahn and Esquire's peerless staff of editors are creating the world's most comprehensive magazine issue ever published *exclusively* on sports in America.

Called "The United States of Sports," here's just a brief outline of what's in store for you in this blockbuster sports spectacular:

- *Great Sports Literature:* a gallery of great sports writing, featuring an anthology of New Sporting Literature as well as a literary retrospective on sports by such renowned Esquire contributors as Ben Hogan, Sherwood Anderson, Jimmy Cannon and Gay Talese.
- *The Zone Theory of the Locker Room:* how status is reflected hy who has which locker next to whom.
- *The Grand Art of Upmanship:* how to develop the inherent ability in all of us to psyche your more talented opponent—*and win.*
- *The Season At Hand:* a special pull-out section with predictions on fall, winter, spring, and summer sports. A section to save—and an opportunity to mateb wits with the experts.
- *Plus:* a mind-boggling sports super-quiz/the hazard-factor in sports/the club intellectual/ gambling in sports/oddball sports and sportsmen/ great sports art/latest sports gear and sportswear/ frolicking sports humor and cartoons/and much, much more.

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AGA American Gas Association

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More jets. More nonstop flights. Colorful new interiors. More legroom, more comfort, better looks. Our meals? Ask an Ozark passenger about our new International Flair dinners. Or our wine-and-cheese baskets. Fly on Ozark Air Lines; you'll see. We're going all out to give you the kind of flight you're looking for. Which is one good reason we're one of America's fastest-growing airlines.

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we're big on that

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M1

We're grazing in tonier pastures now.

But we haven't forgotten our heritage. The Guys are the city britches of Oshkosh B'Gosh. So, along with their elegant looks, you get a generous measure of the quality your grandfather admired. That's why they look admirable.

The Guys CITY BRITCHES

by Oshkosh B'Gosh

This year, over a half million people will lease their new cars.

"Maybe it's my year."

Of all the people in the market for a new car this year, over 500,000 of them won't buy. They'll lease instead.

Some will lease the same make and model car they bought two years ago. Some will lease smaller economy cars.

Some who want a second car—but don't want to come up with a second down payment—will lease that second car, big or little.

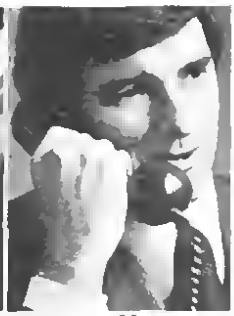
Avoid a big down payment.

Many will lease because they are just plain tired of the responsibilities of ownership. They'd rather let someone else arrange for insurance, licensing, maintenance and ultimate disposal.

Thousands of businessmen will lease this year, too. So they can project their total car expenses, and have accurate records for tax purposes. Leasing is perfect for people who use their cars for business—or for anyone who has to keep track of his driving costs.

Whatever their reasons, more than half a million people will lease their new cars this year.

Keep accurate records for tax purposes.



Got questions? Just give him a call.

Maybe it is your year to lease, too.

Why not?

There's no mystery about leasing. It is neither difficult nor sophisticated. It is simply another way to get the car of your choice. For many, it is the more convenient way.

There's no mystery about it.

Talk it over with a local member of Chrysler Leasing System. You will find him in the Yellow Pages under "Auto Renting and Leasing." Or see most any Chrysler-Plymouth or Dodge dealer.

No matter what make of car you want—Chrysler product or not—give him a call. He can answer all your questions, and help you decide if leasing is right for you. If it is, he'll develop a lease based on your kind of driving. And if you like the package, he'll give you full value for the car you're driving now.

But if leasing is not for you, he'll tell you that, too. Because he'd be just as happy to sell you a car. One way or the other, he wants you for a customer.

CHRYSLER LEASING SYSTEM

CHRYSLER Dodge Plymouth Dodge Trucks

Maybe it's your year to lease, too.

1918: $50,000 of life insurance cost $594. Today, we've got it down to $196.

It's no surprise to see that a lot of things cost more now than they did 56 years ago.

But you may not have known that insurance costs a lot less now. We claim some of the credit for that.

We pioneered term insurance back in 1906. And ever since, we've been driving the cost of our life insurance down.

In 1918, the annual premium on a $50,000 five-year term policy was $594. This was for a man 25 years old.

Today, $594 buys him $161,000.

Our agents specialize in term insurance. They know how to save you money.

They can help out in other ways, too. Like Benjamin R. Coleman, our General Agent in Gary. When Ben realized that good business talent was going to waste because of lack of capital, he formed a non-profit group called Trades, Inc. Members pooled their money to make loans. And the payback on those loans is helping a lot of folks help themselves. We're proud of Ben.

Look for our agents in the Yellow Pages. They can save you some real money.

Occidental Life, Occidental Center, Los Angeles, California 90051

Occidental Life of California

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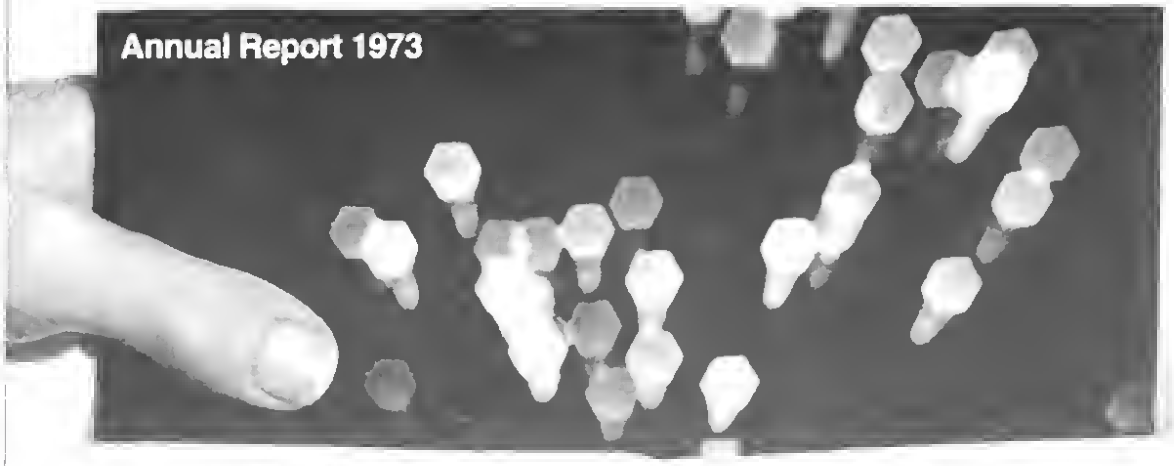
We're taking the wraps off 1980 with our 1973 Annual Report.



In the year 1973 we instituted Project 80 — our new goal to more than double our present volume over the balance of this decade.

This will [illegible] by expanding and presently [illegible] existing new products [illegible]

Attainment of these two Project 80 goals would, just as importantly, make possible steady and increasing employment. Our employees have increased to [illegible] from 428,000 at the end of 1972.

In 1973 our company prepared for the future with a record $852 million investment in new plants and facilities worldwide, as well as with research, development and engineering programs which reached $400 million, a portion funded by customers.

In addition, we entered 1974 with a record manufacturing backlog of $4.1 billion, equal to seven months of manufacturing sales.

More importantly, 1973 was the 14th consecutive year in which we reached record levels in sales, income, and earnings per share before extraordinary items.

Our worldwide sales and revenues were $10.2 billion — a 19 percent increase over the restated 1972 figure of $8.6 billion. This does not include insurance premiums earned and finance income of $2.6 billion, an increase of 10 percent over 1972.

Consolidated income, before extraordinary items, was a record $[illegible] million, a gain of 9 percent over 1972 income before extraordinary items of $477 million.

This was equal to $4.17 per common and common equivalent share, an increase of 10 percent over 1972 per share earnings of $3.79, before extraordinary gains of $6.5 million and $6.7 million in 1973 and 1972 respectively.

On balance, 1973 was a year in which there were record accomplishments and actions in virtually all our business areas which give us a head start toward our dual Project 80 goals: business growth and greater service to people throughout the world.

For a copy of our 1973 Annual Report, which also outlines our Project 80, write to: Director of Investor Relations, International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

AMATEURS' HOUR

Any day now the U S Senate will take up the subject of amateur athletics and this country's participation in international competition, particularly the Olympics Sometime later the House will respond with a bill of its own

Without going into past AAU-NCAA-USOC hassles that unhappily have occupied this country's athletic bodies for over a decade, it is enough to know that the Senate will be considering two bills that will put the government foursquare in amateur sports. One, which the Senate is expected to approve quickly, would establish a commission to review U S participation in the Olympic Games and perhaps recommend a new organization to direct it. The other bill, setting up its own Olympic study board, would go much further by creating a five-member Amateur Sports Board that would charter national athletic governing bodies such as the AAU, adjudicate disputes between them and provide recourse to the U S courts The board would also approve organizations to represent the U.S abroad, designate teams and individuals for international events and conduct domestic competition Finally, the bill would establish a 16-member Sports Foundation to develop and improve sports facilities To that end the U S would match, to a limit of $50 million, funds raised privately In both bills the principal members of the boards would be designated by the President

The House bill, if you can hang with this for one more dose, was introduced by two-time Olympic champion Bob Mathias. It would amend the federal Olympic charter to provide for binding arbitration by the American Arbitration Association, an independent organization, in jurisdictional disputes and in securing a bill of rights for individual athletes.

Since 1964, when the then-Attorney General, Robert F Kennedy, advocated in these pages a sports-development foundation that would require some federal involvement, we have stated our opposition to the intrusion by government into sport We see no objection, however, to a study of our sometimes imperfect administrative performance in the Olympics The United States Olympic Committee says it would welcome that, if for no other reason than to clear its name.

Leading athletes favor the foundation idea with its promise of $100 million for facilities, but in a country of this size $100 million would prove little more than a chimera, and the government would have a foothold. It would have almost a stranglehold on amateur sport if the Amateur Sports Board were enacted into law and the President were given the right to select amateur sports leaders A more broadly representative USOC that, from time to time, is subject to outside investigation is preferable, in our view, to total governmental control, as practiced by an increasing number of nations

The brightest idea, and one we would like to see enacted, is Mathias' for compulsory arbitration through the nongovernmental AAA It just could succeed at last in knocking some sense into AAU and NCAA heads.

POLARIZATION

After years of trying to reconcile the English golf ball and the U S version, the United States Golf Association has decided that the two are poles apart, which is not the case in Australia, where the problem is finding the poles apart But this needs telling.

First, the USGA announced last month that it was withdrawing from the attempt to achieve a compromise ball with the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews. In England and most of the rest of the world they play a ball that measures 1.62 inches in diameter. The U S. ball is 1.68 and the hope was that the only two rules-making bodies in golf which have no other differences—could get together on 1 66 This is not to be, the USGA says, because of the expense involved in studying and learning to control the distance characteristics of the new ball and retooling to produce it

As to those poles in the Antipodes. Milford-Aster Pty Ltd , a Down Under manufacturer of machinery that brands golf balls with trade names, prides itself on its operators who have succeeded in what can best be described as an arcane art Milford-Aster claims that in order to make a proper impression on the balls with their electronic, pneumatic devices, its people have learned to distinguish one dimple at the top from another dimple at the bottom (the poles) and a band in the middle that is without dimples (the equator). Wham! They insert the balls at the precise angle and out come the names, printed between dimples, yet It is all very mysterious and, like the game itself, humblin'.

RANK PRANK

Poket players know there is no percentage in trying to bluff a naive opponent The cleverer the ruse the greater the certainty that Mr Unobservant will bet blindly into sure disaster—and win the pot But, holy smokes, some would-be

April Fool pranksters should have expected more of a rise out of the people of Sitka, Alaska With great care and planning, they soaked 70 old truck tires in kerosene and chartered a helicopter to transport them to the summit of Mount Edgecumbe, an extinct volcano cone 13 miles out of town, which had not erupted in four centuries. On their last trip—it took six hours of flying at $150 an hour they dropped a flaming torch, and

continued

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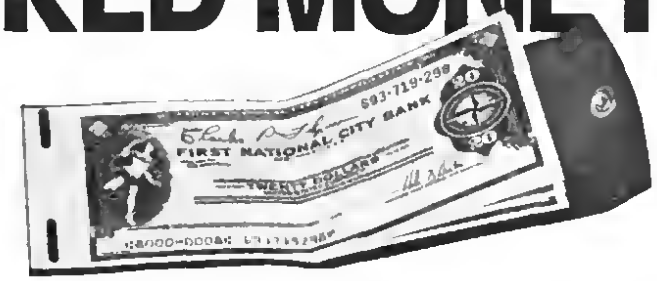

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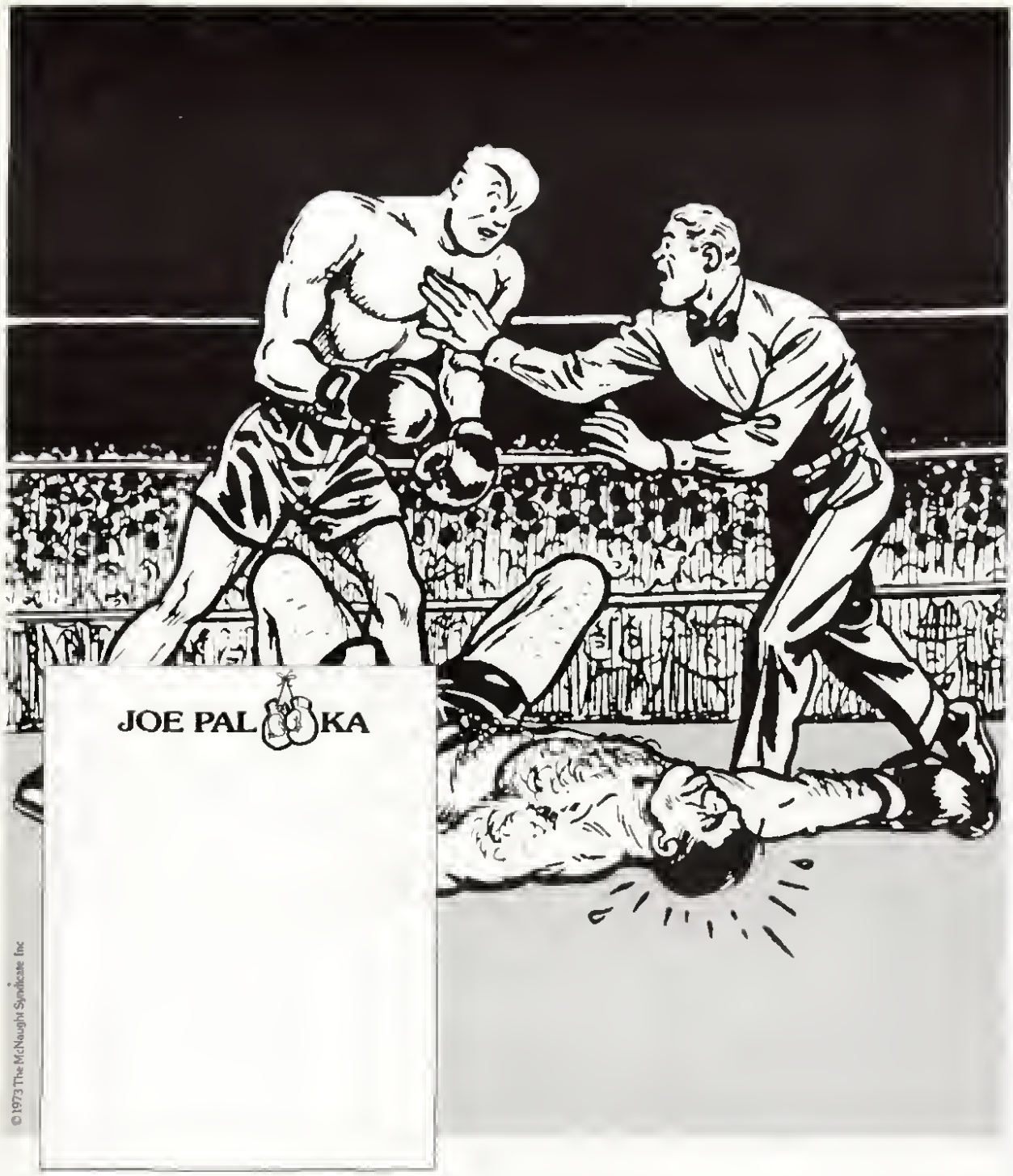

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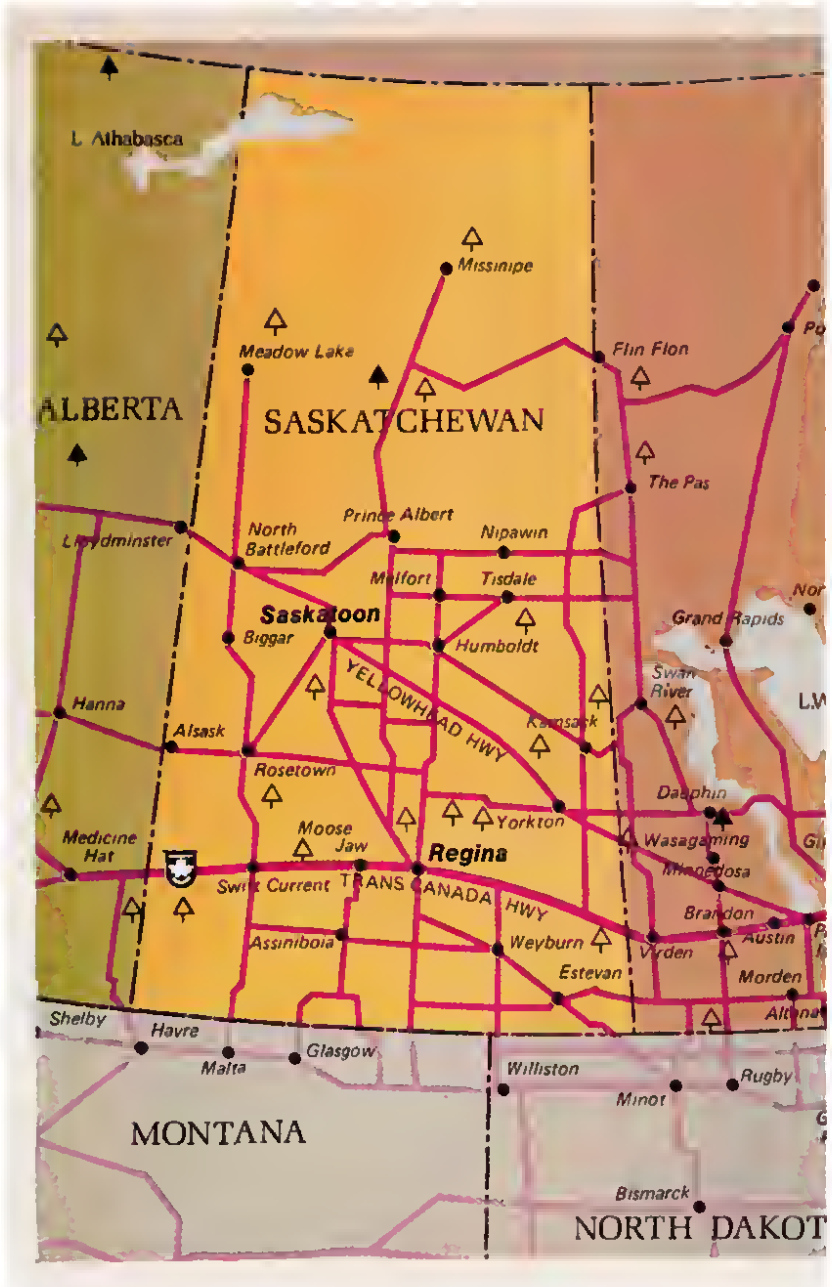
Manitoba
Saskatchewan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ALBERTA
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The Pas
Prince Albert
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Lloydminster
Melfort
Tisdale
Saskatoon
Grand Rapids
Biggar
Humboldt
Swan River
Hanna
YELLOWHEAD HWY
Kamsack
Alsask
Rosetown
Dauphin
Yorkton
Moose Jaw
Wasagaming
Medicine Hat
Regina
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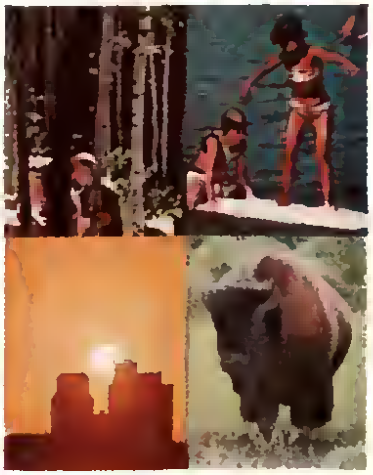
This booklet will introduce you to a vast vacationland covering the rich prairie and parklands of southern Saskatchewan and Manitoba and stretching north through pioneer country to the last great frontier left on this continent. Read the book, America, then come see the real thing.
Canada, the unexpected adventure.



ADVERTISEMENT

Manitoba: The friendly province.

Wherever you go in Manitoba this summer, you're likely to find a party in progress. And whenever you do, you'll be expected to join in the fun. It might be an ethnic celebration, like the Ukrainian Festival at Dauphin, Icelandic Days at Gimli or the Mennonite Sunflower Festival at Altona. It may have an historic theme, like the Pioneer Days celebration at Steinbach or the Threshermen's Reunion in Austin. And then again, it could simply be a way of letting off steam — like the Trout Festival at Flin Flon, the Indian Days Festival at The Pas, Nickel Days in the mining town of Thompson and dozens more.

But whatever the occasion, whatever the celebration, it will be handled with style and enthusiasm. That you can count on.

The golf is great in Manitoba's Parks

Wasagaming Beautiful beaches, beautiful scenery

Winnipeg is the natural take-off point for just about anywhere in the province of Manitoba — and it's a city that offers everything the summer visitor could ask for. Fine restaurants, gracious, modern hotels, a superb symphony orchestra, an internationally-acclaimed ballet and a flourishing theatre company. There are nightclubs and discothèques, museums and art galleries, and one of the most up-to-date planetariums in North America.

Fish for your supper almost anywhere

Spectacular trails at Riding Mountain

There's no shortage of sailing room.

Just across the Red River is St. Boniface, the largest French-speaking community in Canada outside the province of Québec. Stop for coffee in the friendly cafés, browse through the stores and you'll discover that French-Canadian "joie de vivre" is very much alive and well in Western Canada.

But French and English aren't the only languages you'll hear in Winnipeg. There's a busy, bustling Chinatown in the heart of the city and a large Ukrainian community in the north end. The German influence is strong in many of the city's restaurants and nightspots and (particularly) at the annual Mardi Gras and "Oktoberfest", where brass bands and "bratwurst" are the order of the day. Altogether, there are more than fifty different ethnic groups living in and around the colourful, surprisingly cosmopolitan city of Winnipeg.

A delightful way to see some of the surrounding country is to take a relaxing sight-seeing trip on one of the old-time riverboats that croise the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. Two of them make the twenty-mile journey to Lower Fort Garry each day — and at Lower Fort Garry you'll find the only stone fort of the fur trade era still intact in North America. It was built in 1830 and today it's a living museum, with costumed guides to lead you through authentically

furnished living quarters and into storerooms heaped with furs and provisions.

If you're interested in a longer voyage, you can board a luxury cruise ship at nearby Selkirk for a five-day tour of Lake Winnipeg.

The lake sprawls fifty miles north of the city like a giant backyard pool. It's so huge that the 260-mile trip from Selkirk to the northern end of the lake actually takes you out of sight of land.

One interesting stop is Gimli, the largest Icelandic community outside of Iceland itself. The first settlers arrived in 1875 and their culture and language are still very evident in the stores and restaurants and at the 3-day Icelandic Festival which is held there early every August.

East of the city of Winnipeg is the wilderness expanse of Whiteshell Provincial Park, often described as North America's favourite playground. And with good reason. Whiteshell offers more than a dozen fine campgrounds as well as lodges and motels ranging all the way from luxurious to rustic.

At the main resort area of Falcon Lake, there are facilities for swimming, sailing, water skiing, tennis, golf and lawn bowling. And right throughout the park, there's spectacular wilderness scenery. Whether you follow the trails on horseback or on foot, or paddle and

Summer is rodeo time in Manitoba

Chuckwagon Racing guaranteed to get you yelling with excitement!

. Western history n the Winnipeg Museum

The old stone fort Lower Fort Garry

portage your way through the park by canoe, you'll find Whiteshell a stimulating outdoor experience

Visit the Ojibway Stone Mosaics, standing in symbolic animal form just as they were part of Indian religious ceremonies. See the Alf Hole Goose Sanctuary and Natural History Museum near Rennie. Take a trip to Whiteshell Park's fascinating fish hatchery. Then pick yourself a lake (any one of two hundred) and try some of the best northern pike, walleye and smallmouth bass fishing in Canada

West of Winnipeg, the city of Brandon sits in a sea of yellow grain Brandon is the home of the August Provincial Exhibition — a giant annual Manitoba showcase that's fun for the whole family. There are impressive industrial displays, livestock shows, lavish stage pro-

The Icelandic Festival at Gimli

ductions and a real old-fashioned carnival.

And Brandon is within easy reach of some delightful parks and interesting towns.

Just south of the city is Spruce Woods Provincial Park, set in the beautiful valley of the Assiniboine River, and the town of Souris, which is a great place for rockhounds Further south still (right on Turtle Mountain Provincial Park and the magnificent International Peace Gardens

North of Brandon, Riding Mountain National Park covers 730,000 acres of rolling woodland and 75 lakes The resort town of Wasagaming, fronting on Clear Lake, offers recreational facilities ranging from golf and tennis to horse-

back riding and water sports. And at Lake Audy, you can see one of the few remaining herds of free-roaming buffalo.

At Duck Mountain Provincial Park, you'll likely see black bear, moose and even elk — and you can drive to the top of Baldy Mountain, highest point in Manitoba

Live it up at the Winnipeg track

There's something for everyone

If you arrive at the town of Dauphin in early August, you'll be in time for the National Ukrainian Festival of songs, dances, fancy eating and plain good fun which attracts visitors from all over North America each year And whatever time of the year you get to the frontier town of The Pas, you can enjoy a visit to the Little Northern Museum, where Sam Waller will be happy to show you his fascinating collection of Indian and early pioneer artifacts. You might also want to visit the tiny 1840 river-bank church, where many of the furnishings were made by ship's carpenters attached to the expedition which wintered there on the way north to search for Arctic explorer Sir John Franklin

If you're ready for an out-of-the-ordinary adventure, you can catch a train at The Pas that will take you across the spectacular northern Manitoba wilderness to Churchill, a busy, bustling seaport on Hudson Bay. There you'll see ships from around the world loading grain from Canada's prairies. There are beluga whales in the Bay and you can photograph polar bears in their natural habitat. You can visit the Eskimo

Paddle-wheeler on Lake Winnipeg

at Whiteshell Provincial Park

Museum and (if you're interested in the early history of the North) take a trip to 200-year-old Fort Prince of Wales. This region is a bird-watcher's paradise. Literally hundreds of different species summer near Churchill every year.

North of The Pas, you'll find fantastically good sport fishing — in Clearwater and Grass River Provincial Parks and in hundreds of wilderness lakes which are still waiting to be named.

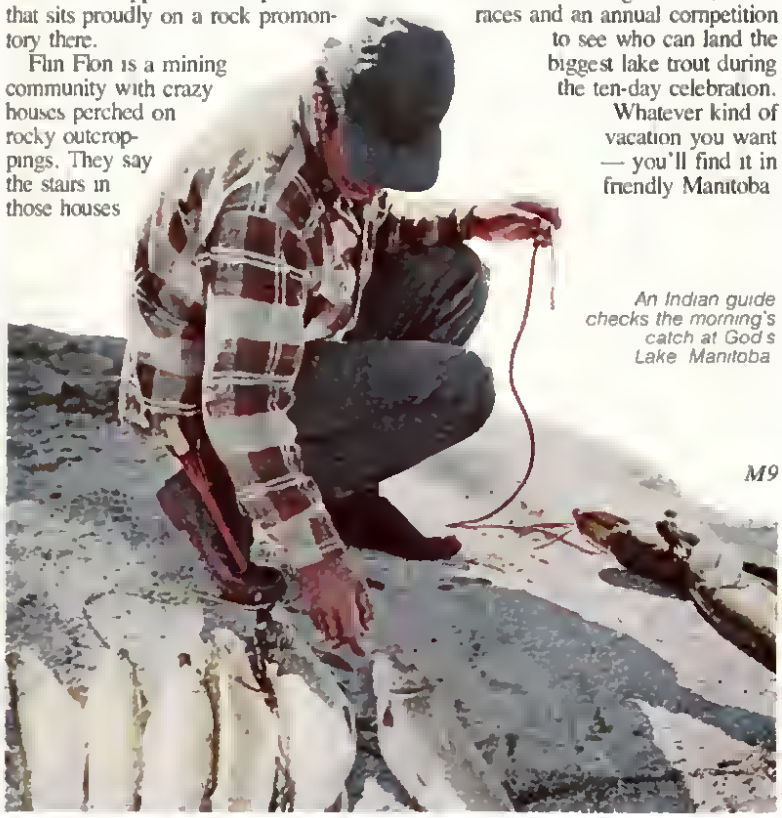
And in the northern town of Flin Flon, you'll find a warm, genuinely friendly welcome. The town took its unlikely name from a dime-novel character called Josiah Flintabbety Flonatin — and cartoonist Al Capp dreamed up the statue that sits proudly on a rock promontory there.

Flin Flon is a mining community with crazy houses perched on rocky outcroppings. They say the stairs in those houses are so steep that they'd get you up to the fifth floor anywhere else.

Fly-in fishing camp, northern Manitoba.

If you reach Flin Flon around the beginning of July, you'll get caught up in the annual Trout Festival. It's a real old-fashioned frontier party, with street dances and stage shows, canoe races and an annual competition to see who can land the biggest lake trout during the ten-day celebration.

Whatever kind of vacation you want — you'll find it in friendly Manitoba



An Indian guide checks the morning's catch at God's Lake, Manitoba

ADVERTISEMENT

Saskatchewan: vacation country on every city doorstep.

There's an exhilarating, wide-open feeling about Saskatchewan's handsome towns and cities that lets you know that the parklands and forests, the wilderness lakes and rivers aren't far away. Wherever you go, you'll be within easy reach of unspoiled, virtually untouched outdoors — close to country the way it was a hundred years before the white man went west.

Moose Mountain Provincial Park is a lake-studded forest set in the rich prairie parkland of southern Saskatchewan, no more than an hour north of the North Dakota border. It's so big and so picturesque that you could easily spend a whole summer exploring it — riding or hiking the wilderness trails, golfing and fishing or just relaxing on the fine sand beaches.

But you'd miss a lot of wonderful things if you did.

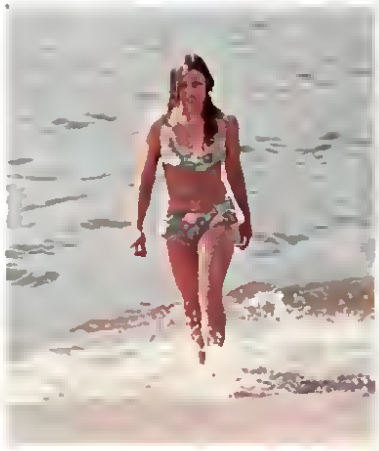
You'd miss the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley (north and west of the park) which has been called "the longest sunken garden in the world". There's a chain of sparkling lakes spread along the 200-mile-long valley and there are no less than four Provincial Parks clustered around the resort town of Fort Qu'Appelle. All of them feature summer programs designed to keep children happily occupied while their parents enjoy riding, fishing and golfing.

And, of course, you'd miss Regina.

Less than a hundred years ago, there was nothing there to see but a few tents pitched on the banks of a meandering creek near a small mountain of buffalo bones.

Today, the tall buildings of Saskatchewan's capital city finger their way into the sky. But you need only climb three or four storeys to see the curve of the earth and to get a clear picture of the kind of terrain the city's designers had to cope with.

Saskatchewan lakes are clear and clean



The golf courses are lush and green

There wasn't a rock or a river to influence the city's development. So they dammed the tiny creek to form a lake and parkland area called Wascana (the Cree word for pile of bones) and around it grew one of the neatest, most orderly and most attractive cities in Canada.

Northern fishing lake

Southern prairie skyline.

Life in Regina revolves around Wascana — just as the city's pioneer builders planned that it should. The 2,000-acre parkland complex is an idyllic setting for the city's legislative building, its fine Museum of Natural History, its futuristic University campus, art gallery, wildfowl sanctuary and luxurious new Centre for the Arts.

Regina has been "Mountie" headquarters almost since the force was founded in 1873. Visitors are welcome to visit their Training Centre and the RCMP Museum, where the whole brave story of the world's most famous police force is told in displays of equipment and weapons, uniforms and photographs.

If you get to Regina around the end of

The beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley

July, you'll find the city full of white stetsons and wide smiles for the annual Buffalo Days celebrations.

There are stage shows and parades, rodeo events and displays. The pancake breakfasts go on till mid-morning and they start cooking huge barbecue dinners half-way through the afternoon.

You'll see Indians in full ceremonial dress, scarlet-coated "Mounties" and just about every pretty girl in the mid-west.

And if you're not wearing something western, there's a good chance you'll get to see the inside of the Buffalo Days mobile jailhouse!

When you've cheered 'til you're hoarse, danced 'til you ache and eaten 'til you're about ready to burst, you might feel like recuperating at Lake Diefenbaker, which is north-west of the city.

Lake Diefenbaker was created by the building of the giant Gardiner Dam — and it's the largest body of water in southern Saskatchewan. Its five-hundred-mile shoreline is dotted with excellent campsites, picnic facilities and three lovely Provincial Parks. The fishing, particularly for pike, pickerel and perch, is first-rate.

Still further north, the city of Saskatoon sits prettily on the banks of the South Saskatchewan River, an island of lush parkland in the middle of a sea of wheat. When you see the broad, tree-lined streets, the handsome buildings and the bridges arching gracefully over the water, you'll understand why it's called the loveliest city in Canada's mid-west.

Rodeo event at Saskatoon

It was founded as a temperance colony in 1882. But if the teetotallers who settled there could see it today, they'd have a more-than-ordinary

The way it was
Pioneer Village at
North Battleford

Grab your partner and away you go!

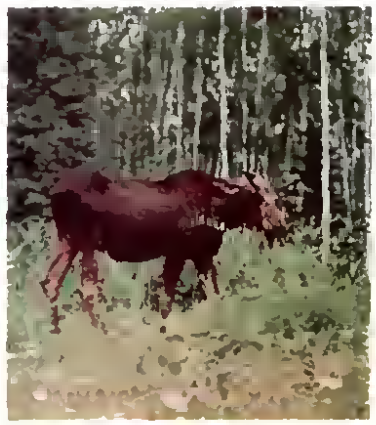
Bathtub racing. No way to stay dry

Indian crafts at Lac La Ronge

generation gap problem. Because the Saskatoon berry, which gave the town its name, has fermented into wine. The modern city swings. It bounces and bubbles. It's prosperous and self-confident.

A few years ago, for example, the people of Saskatoon built themselves a mountain. They wanted to stage the 1971 Canada Winter Games, but there was no place to ski. Blackstrap Mountain isn't likely to embarrass anything in the Rockies, but it's a much more than adequate ski slope.

That's the kind of attitude that makes Saskatoon such a fun place to visit.



Get a moose to pose for a picture

There's a fascinating collection of Eskimo sculpture in the Mendel Art Gallery. The Trading Post is a great place to shop for mukluks, moccasins, beadwork and all kinds of Indian and Eskimo crafts. And the Western Development Museum houses one of the finest collections of antique cars and pioneer farm machinery you'll find anywhere. They're all in working order — and every year, early in July, they're wheeled out of the Museum to parade at an annual wing-ding called the Saskachimo Festival. It's a lot of fun if you can make it.

If history interests you, visit nearby Batoche where a battle was fought to end the Northwest Rebellion in 1885. The trenches are still intact and in the rectory of St. Antoine de Padoue, there's a dis-

play that tells the whole tragic story. Duck Lake Village is an authentic restoration of the original town.

Prince Albert is the northernmost city in the province — a friendly, bustling place with busy stores and some fine restaurants. If you'd like to see something of its early beginnings, visit the

Fish will never taste better

Historical Museum in Bryant Park, where the little log church and blockhouse provide a fascinating glimpse into the past.

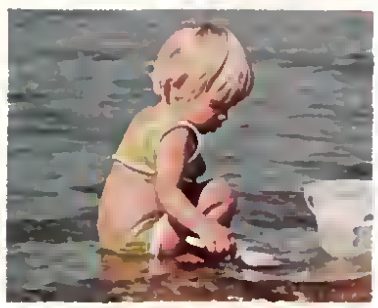
And for outdoor adventurers, Prince Albert is only the beginning. The beginning of a vast wilderness vacationland — unspoiled and virtually untouched — stretching north, east and west.

Prince Albert National Park is only an hour or so from the city, and it offers vacationers nearly 1,500 square miles of forested country with a seemingly endless system of lakes and connecting streams that provide marvellous waterways for boating and canoeing.

Waskesiu, a charming resort on the eastern shore of Waskesiu Lake, has all

Lac La Ronge. A park in the wilderness.

Campsite, Prince Albert National Park



One for the family album

kinds of excellent accommodations — from summer hotels to tent and trailer parks. There's a fine beach, a marina and a challenging 18-hole golf course. You can rent horses to ride the wilderness trails, outboards and canoes to explore the waterways. Or you can take the family on a scenic tour of the lake by old-fashioned paddle-wheeler. You can

enjoy conducted nature study trips, campfire talks and film shows given by the park naturalists. And you can learn all about the plentiful wildlife in the park at the well-equipped Nature Centre.

Lake Ajawaan is accessible only by water. But if you make the trip, you'll be able to see the cabin and grave of Grey Owl, the legendary Englishman who adopted Indian ways and earned a considerable reputation with his books on wild animals and wilderness living.

To the north of Prince Albert National Park is Lac La Ronge, to the west is Meadow Lake and to the east is Nipawin. Magnificent wilderness parks where nature is undisturbed and where moose, deer, bear and a host of smaller animals roam unmolested.

And north of the parks is a new frontier — thousands of square miles of virgin forest sprinkled with lakes, streams and rivers, some still un-named. It's a thought and a promise that brings outdoor vacationers back to Saskatchewan again and again.

The sign at the border says Welcome!

If you're a U S citizen or permanent resident, you don't need a passport to come to Canada. Or a visa.

But to avoid possible delays, bring something to establish your identity. If you're a native-born U S citizen, for example, bring your birth, baptismal or voter's certificate. If you're a naturalized citizen, bring your naturalization certificate. And if you're an alien resident, bring your Alien Registration Receipt Card (U S Form 1-151).

Anything to declare?

Generally speaking, you can bring anything you need for personal use. But you can't bring things to sell.

You can bring 50 cigars, 200 cigarettes, 2 lbs of tobacco and 40 oz of alcoholic beverages (or 24 pints of beer, but not both) without paying duty.

If you want to, you can bring a 2-day food supply for everyone in your family.

If you're driving a car, you can bring a full *tank of gas, and the same for an outboard* motor.

You can bring fishing tackle, boats, camping and sports equipment, radios, portable TV sets, musical instruments, typewriters, electrical appliances and cameras. But if you do check in with things like that, you'll be expected to have them with you when you check out again.

Same goes for guns. You can bring hunting rifles and shotguns (together with 200 rounds of ammunition). But if you do, you'll have to provide the Customs Officer with written descriptions and serial numbers. Pistols, revolvers and fully automatic weapons are strictly forbidden.

Hunting and fishing regulations.

They vary from province to province. Best way to find out about hunting licences is to write the Provincial offices at the addresses below. You can buy fishing licences from most Sporting Goods stores and Outfitters and at any of the national and provincial parks.

Coming by car?

Bring your Motor Vehicle Registration form. If you're driving a rented car, bring a copy of the rental agreement.

Ask your insurance agent for a Canadian Non-Resident inter-Provincial Motor Vehicle Liability Insurance Card. That's a long name for a little card which indicates that you have *the minimum coverage necessary for driving in* Canada.

Bringing pets?

Your dog will need a rabies vaccination certificate that's less than 12 months old. Make sure it carries an accurate description, is properly dated and signed by a licenced veterinarian. There's no problem at all with cats.

Our money versus your money.

The rate of exchange fluctuates a bit from day to day. To be sure you get your money's worth of our money, we urge you to change your dollars at a bank rather than at a store. Incidentally — most of your credit cards are just as good in Canada as they are in the U S. If in doubt, check with your credit card company.

Summer starts in May.

You can expect temperatures in the mid-70's through July and August. But there's plenty of sunshine as early as May and as late as September. The further north you travel, the cooler the evenings are likely to be — so pack a couple of sweaters along with your swim suits.

What else can we do to persuade you to come?

If you want more information about any of the places and events mentioned in this booklet, please write to the Provincial Travel Bureaux at the addresses below. They'll be happy to send you maps, lists of hotels and motels, details of lodges, *camps and the several float plane* services that cover the far north. They want to do everything they can to make you feel welcome.

Tourism Development Branch,
Dept. C,
Department of Industry
and Commerce,
S P C Building,
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada
S4P 2Y9

Tourist Branch, Department of
Tourism, Recreation and
Cultural Affairs,
Dept. C, 8th Floor Mall Centre,
491 Portage Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.
R3B 2E4

Canada

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
OFFICE OF TOURISM,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

M16

Canada

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Here's where summer really begins; with this handy holiday pull-out planner. Small enough to fit your pocket, big enough to tell you about exciting vacation possibilities in a large slice of Canada.

Fishing, boating, golfing, camping, shopping, sightseeing, nightclubbing vacations and everything in between.

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Tear out this summer!

The new

Exxon is developing energy technology for this century and beyond.

Across our country Americans are coming to terms with the energy shortage Faced with lines at service stations and limited supplies of heating oil, we have all become aware of the need for conservation

Yet, even with conservation, by the year 2000 our country will probably require three times as much energy as it does today. Fossil fuels will continue to supply an important part of that energy. But a good deal of America's future supply in this century and beyond will have to come from new technology.

Exxon is already working on this technology to develop several new sources of energy.

Energy right from the sun.

One of those sources is the ultimate source of almost all of our energy—the sun itself

The sun's energy is enormous and widely available. It can be collected and converted to electricity by *solar cells*, like those that produced electrical power for Skyleb

This five cell solar module absorbs [illegible] producing 1½ watts of electricity

Solar energy in use today.

Today, as Exxon examines ways to improve its solar-cell technology, solar-cell units are already in use In parts of Africa solar cells power instructional television. On boats, they maintain the charge in batteries On marker buoys they supply electricity for warning lights and foghorns.

One of Exxon's research aims is to cut the present high cost of solar-cell electricty.

Super-batteries to store energy.

To efficiently use the energy generated by solar cells and other devices, we'll need super-batteries with much greater storage capacity Batteries to store the sun's energy for use as electricity at night. Batteries to store energy that power plants produce in low-demand periods for later use when the demand for electricity is high.

Better batteries would also speed the development of electric vehicles Exxon's target is a battery that would be light enough, reesonable enough in cost and cherging demands, and powerful enough to drive a car 100 miles on a single charge from a wall outlet This kind, of battery, which still requires intensive research, could make possible a practical electric passenger car.

Electricity from chemicals.

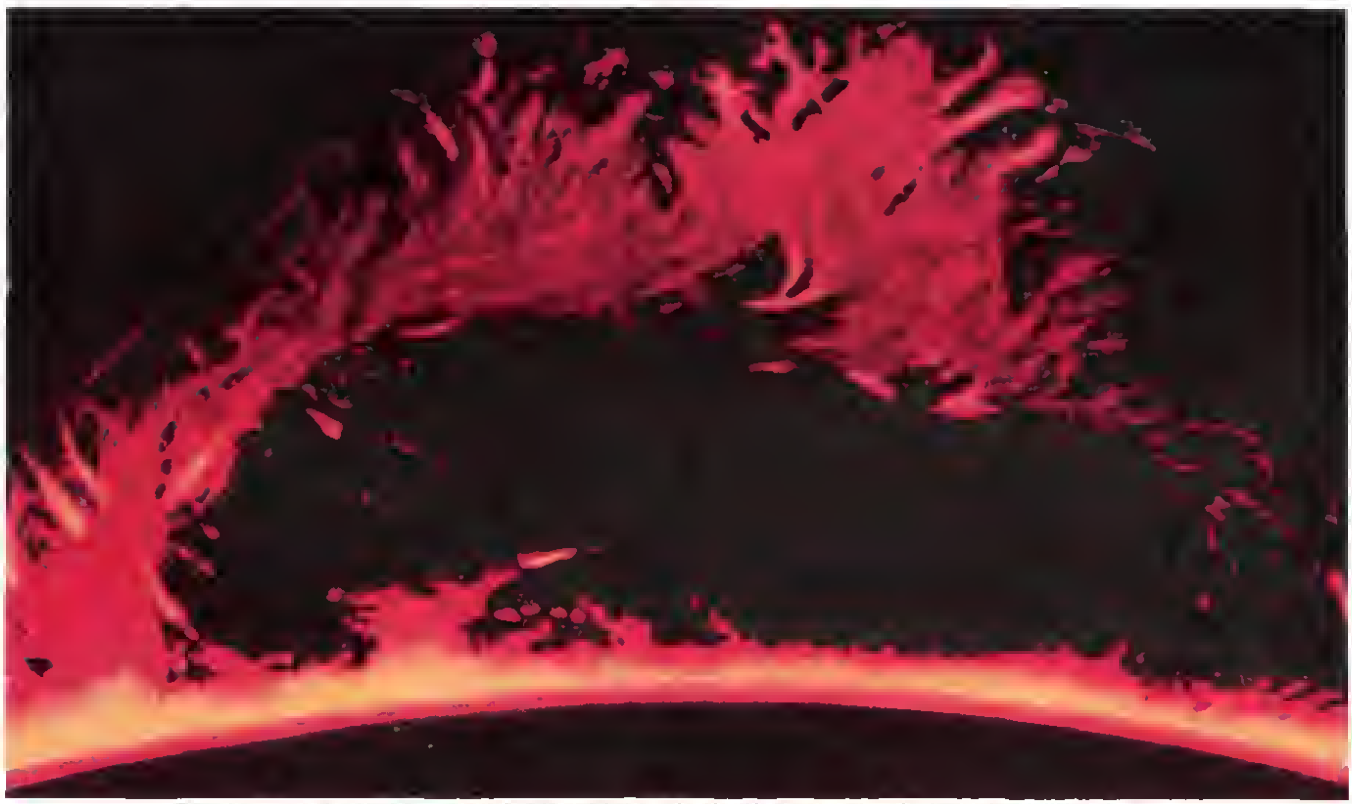
We're also developing a *fuel cell.* Different from the solar cell, which uses the sun, a fuel cell generates electricity when certain simple gases, like hydrogen and oxygen, or a simple liquid fuel like methanol, are fed continuously into the cell.

Potentially, fuel cells are efficient sources of electricity. They could provide silent energy for mobile homes or remote vacation homes. They also might be designed as total energy systems for shopping centers or as a way for public utilities to supply additional power during high-demand periods

Solar cells, fuel cells and improved batteries should come into greater use during the 1980's. Meanwhile, Exxon is looking for energy sources for the next century. Nuclear fusion is one possibility

Improved lead-acid batteries make electric-powered vans practical for urban delivery The next step—practical battery-powered cars

energy.

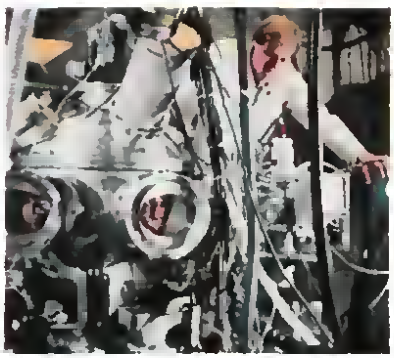


Fusion reactors-a new kind of nuclear power.

Today's nuclear power plants operate on the familiar principle of nuclear fission, a process of splitting atoms apart. Nuclear *fusion* is just the opposite. Atoms are fused together to release a remarkable amount of energy.

Fusion is the main process feeding the fires of the sun and stars. Today, at the University of Rochester, Exxon and others are participating in a laser fusion feasibility project. It seeks to use the energy of high-powered lasers to heat frozen hydrogen pellets to sunlike temperatures of hundreds of millions of degrees in less than a hundred-billionth of a second—and thereby produce a fusion reaction.

Harnessing fusion energy is one of the greatest challenges scientists have ever undertaken. However, even if our efforts or those of others are successful, commercial use of fusion reactions to produce energy is many decades away.



We can't begin too soon.

These new energy technologies may seem far away. But if our present energy situation holds any lesson, it is that we can't begin too soon to find energy supplements to oil, natural gas and coal. That's why Exxon is already at work on the new energy technology America will need in the next century.

EXXON

Bolens Mulching Mower™ offers a new way to get rid of grass clippings.

Don't have any.

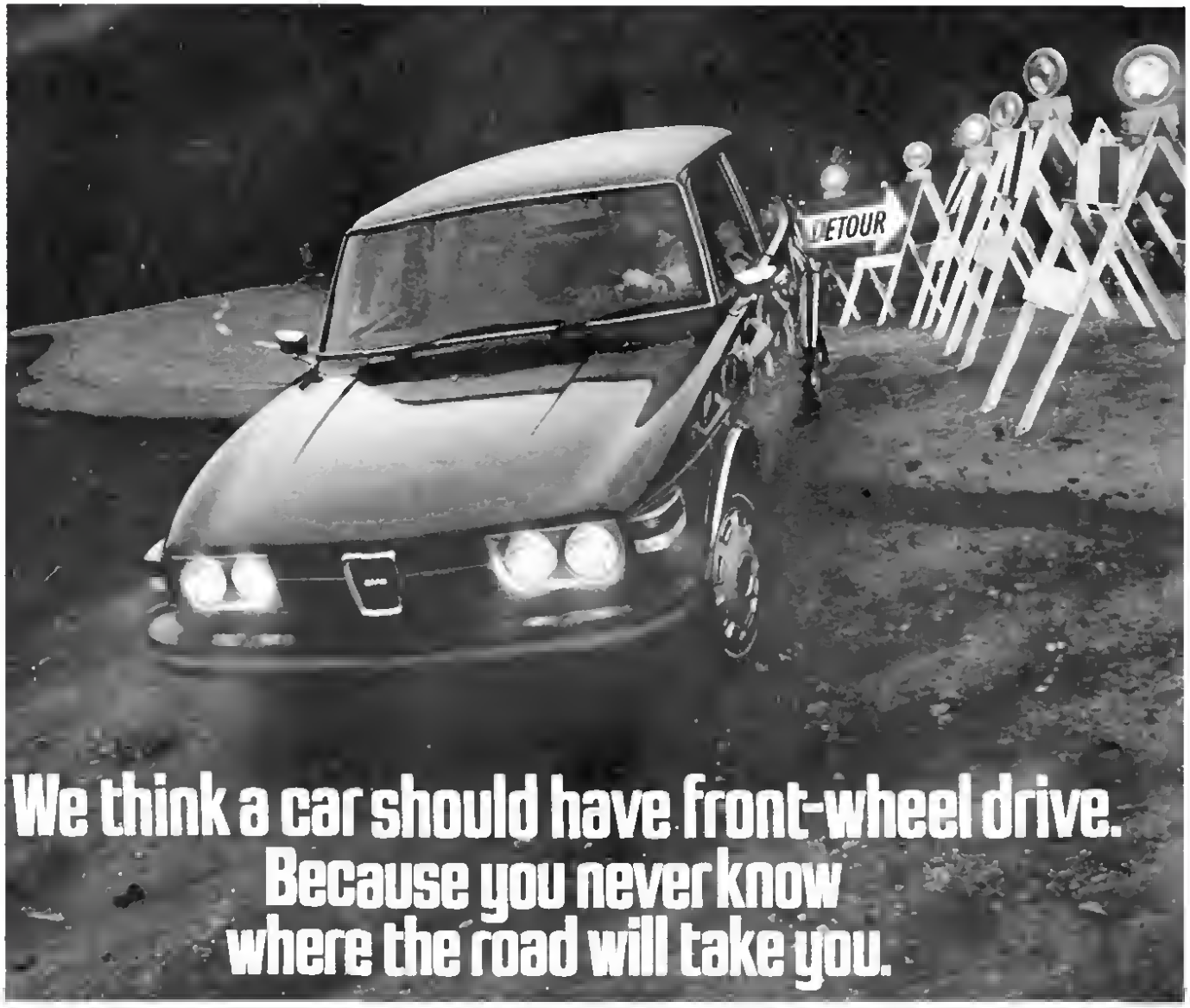
Instead of raking, bagging and hauling clippings, or watching them turn brown on the lawn, get a Bolens 22" Mulching Mower. When it cuts your grass, it also cuts and recuts the clippings into tiny particles that disappear down into your lawn. Out of sight. Where they become a mulch that feeds the lawn.

Because you have no clippings to contend with, the job is done quickly. In one pass.

And since this mower doesn't throw out clippings, there's no discharge chute. So you mow with greater safety. And trim around trees and borders with both sides of the mower.

Other features include sure-footed front wheel drive. Grip 'n Go™ squeeze bar drive control. And your choice of manual or electric start. Also available in 22" and 18" hand-propelled models. See the complete line of Bolens outdoor power equipment at your nearest dealer. For his address, dial 800-447-4700 toll free (in Illinois, dial 800-322-4400). FMC Corporation, Port Washington, Wisconsin 53074.

FMC Consumer Products



We think a car should have front-wheel drive. Because you never know where the road will take you.

Front-wheel drive will give you some remarkable advantages. Especially when the road you started out on turns into something else.

It'll give you excellent traction, for example, to get you through gravel, mud, sand... even snow and ice. Because the weight of the engine and transmission is over the drive wheels.

It makes our car less likely to skid on any kind of road surface, because the drive wheels are ahead of the center of gravity. So our car is more stable and has better directional stability than cars with rear-wheel drive.

And front-wheel drive gives you excellent control and handling. Because the front wheels actually pull you around curves and turns.

We also build our car with the precision of rack and pinion steering, with power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels, with roll-cage construction, and with the performance and economy of our 2 liter engine (it'll give you about twice the gas mileage of most full size domestic cars.*)

We build our car with features that make it comfortable, economical, durable and safe. Because even though you don't always know where the road will take you, you should at least be sure your car will get you there.

The Saab 99 LE and EMS. From $4698 to $5198.

Saab. It's what a car should be.

There are more than 450 Saab dealers nationwide.
Price does not include dealer prep, taxes and optional equipment, if any.

*As published by the EPA, the average miles per gallon for a car of 4,500 lbs or more is 9.5 MPG or less. The EPA miles-per-gallon performance for a Saab 99LE is 19.4 MPG.

then wheeled for town and the fun. A line pillar of smoke rose menacingly—and not a soul noticed it. If you are ever in Sitka, don't play poker.

20TH CENTURY LIMITED

The words were quaint, as well they might have been, considering the thought they conveyed. Last week, in a temporary injunction prohibiting the World Football League from signing any Dallas Cowboy, Texas District Court Judge Charles Long said, "It is to be regretted that physical ability, a God-given physique and a proper application of wonderful physical attributes have finally become a matter of barter, purchase and sale, if you please." Next Judge Long is going to tell us that people have been making *money* out of this sort of thing, if you please.

OH, CHARLIE

In 1963 Charles O. Finley said, "If a manager of mine ever said someone was indispensable, I'd fire him." This season there is more missing from Oakland Coliseum than dispensable managers. The stadium bunting, for instance. It is gone, along with the fireworks that used to salute A's homers. Half-price-ticket nights have been cut from every home Monday to four dates, fans no longer receive 25% discounts on season tickets, and those longtime crowd pleasers, ball girls Mary Barry and Debbie Sivyer, have joined 10 ex-managers and a phalanx of ballplayers in C.O.F.'s rapidly expanding alumni association. Finley's latest economy is stamps. He will no longer pay for them even if they are to be affixed to his players' replies to fan mail. It is hardly surprising that no one in the Bay Area is sponsoring telecasts of the world champions. The surprise is that Finley the showman seems bent on no show at all.

YOU CAN GO HOME AGAIN

Last October the Hambletonian Society voted to move its famed trotting race out of the cornfields of Du Quoin, Ill. and into the cement halls of Liberty Bell Race Track in Philadelphia (SCORECARD, Nov. 12). No amount of pleading succeeded in convincing the society's directors of the error of their ways; for all the protestations, they acted very much like people who prized money over tradition. Last month, ironically, money came to the rescue of the Hambletonian. William Penn Racing, a tenant of Liberty Bell, balked at having to install lighting around its one-mile track for a week of night racing preceding the Hambletonian, a daylight race, and after a special meeting of the directors the classic was headed back to its rural setting in Du Quoin. Said Bill Hayes, whose family has staged the race in southern Illinois since 1957, "I've been wondering all winter if this whole thing was really just a bad dream. I guess it was."

The nightmare is over for the present. The Hambletonian will be raced in Du Quoin for three more years before again being threatened with commercialism and big cities. Perhaps by that time trotting officials will have awakened to the simple reality that one of the charms of their sport's classic race is that it is not placed in the hands of the highest bidder every few years. One could imagine the Kentucky Derby being moved to New York because Aqueduct racetrack offered a better contract, but it would not be the Kentucky Derby.

LAMB STEW

Never happy with President Nixon's executive order of two years ago that restricted the use of deadly poisons against predatory mammals and birds on federal lands, Western sheepmen are back in force, pressuring Interior Secretary Rogers Morton for emergency controls. They claim that since the ban went into effect they have been losing a third of their lambs each year, mainly to coyotes.

So far, Interior's Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife has held steady as she goes, arguing that the true measure of a predator-control program is not how many coyotes get it in the hide with cyanide bullets but how few sheep are killed. There are serious questions as to how effective an extermination program really is in reducing losses, to say nothing of the toll taken on unintended victims, some, like the bald eagle, endangered species.

Interior and the Council on Environmental Quality are doing studies to determine the magnitude of the problem, but before they ever publish they may be upstaged by the University of Utah, where coyotes with an insatiable appetite for lamb have been treated as alcoholics sometimes are.

A team of Utah psychologists reports that it has been feeding coyotes lamb bait laced with a chemical equivalent to the alcoholics' Antabuse, which makes the animals vomit. After one such meal the coyote refuses to eat lamb for a while. After a couple of the blue-plate specials he will have nothing to do with a live lamb, preferring to run away and hide rather than eat the unpalatable critter.

The experiments, conducted in pens, have been received with cautious enthusiasm by Utah's wool growers. It must now be tested whether the same results can be obtained in the field and whether they are lasting and economically feasible. If the coyote treatment proves out, toxins and the current method of control—shooting, which is expensive, time-consuming and not very effective—will be things of the past and the coyotes will have to go back to the old groaning board of pronghorn and rabbit.

PSALM TOURNAMENT

In a city of 760 churches, it was only seemly that organizers of next week's interdenominational golf tournament in Grand Rapids would draft the following rules: "Thou shalt not use profanity; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's putter; thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's ball; thou shalt not bear false witness in the final tally." What was unseemly was that the rules were swiped from another preachers' tournament. "I'm afraid," confessed one organizer, "we'll be accused of plagiarizing."

THEY SAID IT

- Willie Crawford, Dodger outfielder, on which team will give Los Angeles the most trouble: "The new World Baseball League."
- Rankin Smith, owner of the Atlanta Falcons, on the problems of negotiating with pro football players. "If he doesn't sign, we lose him. If he does sign, I go broke."
- Earl Campbell, Texas high school football star: "My goal in life is to build a house for my mother so that when she lies down at night she can't see the Big Dipper."
- Bill Curry, Houston Oiler and president of the NFL Players Association, explaining why he had not received a bid from the World Football League: "There is not a big demand for a 210-pound center who organizes unions."
- Gil Brandt, Dallas Cowboy vice-president, on drafting football players: "It is like a beauty contest. It's easy to pick out the top one, two or three girls, but then the rest of them look the same." **END**

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

© 1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Even at the Zoo everybody hes a gimmick...almost everybody. Find the one who doesn't. **1.** No. He's Miles Tugo, underwear salesman pretending he's a jogger. Gimmick: Cigarettes with filters so thick every time he inhales, his ears pop. **2.** Meet Livingston I. Presume, gorilla. A latent Homo Sapien, who throws tires at anybody who doesn't believe in Evolution. **3.** Nope. He's Jerry Bilt, zoo painter. Holds gimmick. A long pole to paint epe's cage (says he's allergic to fur and having his leg pulled off). His *Maxi-Long* cigarettes easily break in half, too. **4** & **5.** No and no. They're Sam and Janet Evening, movie team making a low budget jungle picture "King Kong Gives Detroit A Hickie." **6.** He's Skip Tickel. Wes given this address to deliver 12 Chinese dinners. Gimmick: Smokes cigarettes with filters so hollow he talks with an echo. **7.** Right. He prefers wildlife to wild gimmicks. Wants no nonsense in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco. **8.** No. It's either the symbol of a high-quality cigarette, or a high-rise sheep.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
(but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT.'73.

His red and yellow silks flashing, Cannonade shot past the leaders as the big field came into the homestretch and went on to win by 2¼ lengths.

THE CANNON TAKES AIM

by WHITNEY TOWER

Cannonade, deftly guided through a rough race by Angel Cordero, won the Kentucky Derby convincingly and drew a bead on the Preakness

CONTINUED

Jockey Cordero scored his first Derby win.

THE CANNON *continued*

It was a mob scene—in the stands, in the infield, on the track. The largest field of horses in Kentucky Derby history was sandwiched between roiling elements of the largest crowd ever to assemble for this most publicized and glamorous of horse races. Without that setting, the 100th running of the mile-and-a-quarter classic might have slipped into history as no more than a line of type to inform future historians that on May 4, 1974, John Olin's Cannonade, trained by Woody Stephens, ridden by Angel Cordero, won in the slow time of 2:04 over a fast track that certainly warranted a better clocking.

No, the race itself was not the thing, even though Cannonade richly deserved his victory over 22 rivals, including his more highly regarded stablemate, Judger. What made the centennial Derby an event to remember was the schmaltzy glitter that surrounded the occasion from start to finish and the unprecedented attention focused on Churchill Downs by the nation's one-day-a-year racing fans. A mob of 163,628 showed up in person, and one of them, Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret, the party-loving kid sister of the Queen of England, summed it up between glasses of champagne in the Directors Room. "A lovely day of racing in the country," she said.

The princess was partly right. It *was* country, but American style; it is doubtful that Royal Ascot was ever like this. The clubhouse and grandstand were replete with extravagantly overdressed people, and the jammed infield was an orgy of youthful exuberance. Police were helpless to prevent the mob from breaking through barriers and crowding against the rails, and an effort to remove an army of stripped-to-the-waist youths from the top of one of the tote boards ended in abashed failure. Bands played, streakers streaked, one of them to the point of such exhaustion that she finished the day by jumping into an infield fountain, and nearly everyone had a good time. They thought so, at least, until they had to wake up Sunday morning and face the beginning of the second hundred years.

Some of the records, not necessarily those that pertain to the quality of the horses in the grab-bag field, may be hard to surpass. The crowd itself was larger by 29,152 than the previous high of 134,476 that turned up a year ago to watch the duel between Secretariat and Sham. Most tracks in the country would be glad to settle for a Saturday attendance of 29,152. And while the enormous throng may have been short of shoes and bras, it did have money, lots of it. During Derby Day's long 10-race card, these folks out for their day of country racing shoved $7,868,734 through the windows—almost a quarter of a million more than they had risked in 1973. In the Derby alone they bet $3,444,649, or $159,687 more than the record set in the Secretariat race.

Another record was broken when 23 horses went to the post, one more than in 1928 when Reigh Count proved he was the best of 22 starters. Many of the 23 should not have been at the party, including most of the 10 that Churchill Downs herded together to form the mutuel field for betting purposes. But a couple of these field horses actually won stakes this year—what 3-year-old hasn't?—and one of them, Hudson County, ran the race of his life on Saturday to help force the pace and then hung on to finish second, ahead of Agitate.

Despite the unprecedented number of entries, and in contrast to many previ-

Lord Snowdon and Princess Margaret flank victorious Trainer Woody Stephens after race.

ous Derbies, the backstretch atmosphere before the race was subdued. A year ago when Trainer Pancho Martin had Sham at one end of Barn 42, he spent altogether too much time taking verbal potshots at Trainer Lucien Laurin, who had Secretariat at the other end of the same barn. This time Pancho paid not a whit of attention to the fact that Judger, bred by the late Bull Hancock and purchased from his estate by his 24-year-old son Seth, was stabled in Secretariat's old stall, No. 21, or that Cannonade was situated in the stall right next to Judger.

"If there's a Secretariat in this race," Martin announced, "I've got him, and his name is Rube the Great. If he had racing room he would have won his division of the Wood Memorial by five lengths instead of by a head. And I have Accipiter running as an entry with him. I am filled with confidence. I am feeling very high."

So, by his own admission, but in a different way, was Martin's portly boss, Owner Sigmund Sommer, who looks a bit like Alfred Hitchcock.

"Are you nervous?" Sommer asked Woody Stephens when the two met in the paddock before the Derby.

"No, I'm not nervous this time," replied Woody.

"I'm not either," said Sommer, with what passes for a smile. "But I think I'm getting drunk."

Stephens really wasn't nervous, any more than Sommer was really drunk. All week he talked with the confidence of a man who truly believed that in Cannonade and Judger he had the two best horses. From the way he spoke, many got the idea that Stephens liked Judger, a son of Damascus, a little more than he did Cannonade, a son of Bold Bidder and a grandson of Bold Ruler, Secretariat's famous sire.

"I can't say which is better," he said, "because they're both good colts. I train them for different owners, and I do the best I can for both men. I'm perfectly delighted that I've got the favorites instead of a couple of 50-to-1 shots. And I have engaged the best jockeys I could to ride them. Laffit Pincay knows Judger, and Cordero can get Cannonade to relax. And Cannonade has won two races at Churchill Downs. The main point about my horses is that both of them are absolutely fit. They haven't missed a day of training, and in preparing for the Derby you simply cannot miss days and hope to play catch-up."

Young Hancock was brimming with optimism. He desperately wanted Judger to win Claiborne Farm's first Derby as a tribute to the memory of his father. Hancock was asked if he would be in his box after the race. Thinking of the victory stand, he grinned and said, "I hope not." Stephens, with two aces back to back, was doubly optimistic. Although he had given the public impression earlier that he thought Judger was probably the better of the two horses, he conveyed a different feeling to a few local horsemen that he confided in.

"Although I'd love to win this one for the Hancock family," Stephens said, "I was impressed by the way Cannonade won the Stepping Stone. He is coming up to the race just perfectly. I have a suspicion that Seth may be a very disappointed young man on Saturday night."

The rest of the trainers around the barn area were more hopeful than confident. All, that is, except Jimmy Jimenez, who brought in Agitate after a victory in the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields. "It could be that the best horse won't show himself until Saturday," he said. "From what I've seen I think I've got just as good a chance as anyone. Otherwise I wouldn't be here."

He and the others at Louisville went ahead and trained as best they could, some by remote control, some with a slight resentment that their charges were being overlooked. Skip Shapoff, a Louisville boy come home again, expressed surprise that the press had all but neglected his Hudson County, who had never been out of the money in eight starts. Tony Bardaro bemoaned the fact that Buck's Bid had had bad luck in his re-

continued

The boisterous crowd in the infield included a high-minded streaker on a flagpole and banner wavers with a low-comedy greeting for a royal visitor.

cent races. He found some solace in the fact that his colt had drawn the extreme outside post position; he would be loaded in the starting gate last and would not have to wait around long for the start. J. D. Foster, who trained Consigliori, could at least be thankful that Churchill Downs gave him a stall. At Keeneland last month, when no stalls were available to him, Foster trained his colt between rows of corn and tobacco at a nearby farm. Joe DiAngelo did not have that problem with Sharp Gary, a son of Carry Back, but he did have to contend with some backseat training advice from Jack Price, Carry Back's owner. The unluckiest fellow was Lou Rondinello, Little Current's trainer. On Tuesday of Derby week, Rondinello was taken to the hospital for a kidney stone operation. The astute Rondinello asked Stephens to supervise his horse's training. "I just checked his foreman," Stephens said, "and told the man to go ahead and keep on doing what he had been. Everything seemed O.K. over there."

At the stall of Raymond Guest's Sir Tristram, recently arrived from Europe, everything was so O.K. that even Jockey Bill ("Don't call me Willie") Hartack was speaking to the turf writers. He came out regularly to school the son of Sir Ivor from the American starting gate. One day, after riding another of Guest's horses in a one-mile flat race at a nearby Lexington hunt meeting, a race in which he finished second, Hartack returned to Churchill Downs and jokingly remarked, "As they say in England, I had a merry go at it."

This merriment carried over to Derby Day itself. When Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon showed up, camera buffs and Louisville society alike acted as though they had never seen anyone more regal than Bob Hope and Eric Sevareid, both of whom were also on display. The royal couple, along with Churchill Downs President Lynn Stone, his wife Becky and Kentucky Governor Wendell Ford and his wife, marched across the track and up through the judges' pagoda to seats on an adjacent tote board unoccupied by invaders from the infield. They all stood respectfully while bands tootled through *God Save the Queen* and *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Then (sob!) there was *My Old Kentucky Home*, and when the tears dried there were the 23 Derby starters making their way to the starting gate at the head of the stretch for the latest version of the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Post position in the big field was expected to be a factor, and it was. For example, Bill Shoemaker on Agitate drew post No. 1, the inside spot, which meant that Shoe had to go for quick, early position or face the prospect of being squeezed hopelessly behind at the very start. Cannonade was next to Agitate in No. 2, which made some people nervous, possibly including Woody Stephens, for it meant that the high-strung Cannonade would have to wait a long time in the gate before the rest of the horses were loaded in and the latch sprung.

"Cannonade is a little fussy," Stephens said, "but Cordero will be able to relax him and he'll get to the position he has to get to." Judger drew post No. 22, far to the outside, and Stephens said, "That's fine by me, because Judger will lay back anyway. Being a come-from-behind horse, he shouldn't be bothered too much by the traffic. He won't start to run much until the half-mile pole."

As it turned out, poor Judger didn't run much, period. But, oh, how Cannonade did. Not blazingly fast, but beautifully, which must have brought cheer to his 81-year-old owner, John Olin, confined to his St. Louis home with a heart ailment.

Triple Crown, who had raced with distinction in California this winter, went out fast, followed by Hudson County, Sir Tristram and Destroyer. Cannonade settled halfway back in the field, while Judger, as expected, ran along in last place with Little Current. Cordero, who inherited the mount on Cannonade when Stephens decided that the colt's regular jockey, Pete Anderson, had not been riding enough to tackle the Derby, took the smooth-running bay along the rail to save ground. "I was in tight for a while," Cordero said later, "but it wasn't too bad. I made up ground from the five-eighths pole to the three-eighths pole by going inside, in between and around. It was quick, you know."

And it *was* quick. Before the field had gone the full mile back to the head of the stretch, Triple Crown was finished. So, for that matter, were Sir Tristram and Destroyer. Judger, who was bounced around back in the thick of the rough race, made a mild effort after the half-mile pole, but the only significant move was Cordero's as he skillfully wove his way through horses, avoiding trouble and taking advantage of every break. Turning for home in a full drive, Cannonade blasted outside Hudson County and Triple Crown and inside Destroyer to shoot off to a four-length lead by the time he reached the eighth pole. Hudson County closed a little, but nobody was going to catch Cannonade on this day. Agitate, who had been pinched back and knocked about more than once during the long, hazardous trip, gave it a try, and it was good enough to get him third money. Hudson County, who had never been worse than third all the way round, displayed amazing stamina for a colt supposed to be only a sprinter, and hung on to second place, 2¼ lengths behind the winner. J.R.'s Pet was fourth and Little Current fifth, followed by Destroyer, Buck's Bid and Judger, in eighth place. "Judger got in a lot of trouble back there," said Pincay, "but he ran a fine race, considering." Of the winner, Woody Stephens said, "Cordero had a lot of horse going for him, and he handled him unbelievably."

Cordero said, "It was a beautiful trip." Then he added, "When you decide you are going to be a jockey, you know that eventually you'll get to ride your first race. Then you hope that some day you'll get your first winner. But the Kentucky Derby—that's something you only dream about."

With the winner's share of the $326,500 gross purse a hefty $274,000 and the jockey's cut 10% of that, Angel Cordero's dream is $27,400 richer today. Owner Olin, who is almost as old as the Derby itself and who was represented in the winner's circle by his stepdaughter, Mrs. Eugene Williams, can look forward to the Preakness and the Belmont and the possibility that his first Derby winner might succeed Secretariat to the Triple Crown. The cheerful Cordero grinned at the idea. "He's sure got a better chance for it than any of the others," the jockey said. **END**

MR. INSIDE AND MR. OUTSIDE

Post positions in thoroughbred races, particularly those longer than six furlongs, seldom stimulate much comment, but in the 100th Derby they did just that because of the inordinately large field. The worst post position was the one on the extreme outside, Post 23, from which Buck's Bid, longest shot in the race at 75 to 1, had to break. Almost as bad was No. 1, the inside post, drawn by the 3-to-1 second choice, Agitate. When the gate opened and the jockeys whooped and whipped their mounts toward a reasonable spot for the long run to the first turn, it would be all too possible for Agitate to be pressured against the rail by horses to his right and never be able to get free.

Agitate (far left, next to Cannonade) was pressured by fence on his left, 22 rivals on his right.

Agitate went into the gate first, four minutes before Buck's Bid got in. "He behaved well, everything considered," said Jockey Bill Shoemaker. "It's a long time to keep a good horse like Agitate waiting, but what else are you going to do with that number of starters?" On the other hand, as soon as Buck's Bid was brought into Post 23 the race was on. "I didn't even have time to draw a breath in the gate before we were under way," Jockey Don Macbeth said.

Ultimately, Agitate finished third and Buck's Bid a respectable seventh—depending, of course, on just how much respect one has for 1974's clump of 3-year-olds. People streaked the centerfield flagpole faster than the plodding 2:04 in which the Derby was run. Still, both Agitate and Buck's Bid are likely to be important factors throughout the racing season. Their Derby performances were impressive in light of the poor post positions they had to cope with.

Both horses were brought to the race in fine fashion by their trainers, Jimmy Jimenez (Agitate) and Tony Bardaro (Buck's Bid). Neither had previously trained a Derby starter, and Bardaro had never even been to a Derby. "I'd seen some of them on television," he said. When Buck's Bid drew the outside post position, Bardaro commented, "I really don't know what you do or say when you draw Post 23. Heck, nobody has ever been out that far before. When I heard we had drawn 23 I sagged. I hoped we might draw someplace around the middle. Now, after sleeping on it and thinking it out, I've come to the conclusion that it's just as bad as I originally thought it was.

"I can't remember a race this important drawing so many starters," Bardaro went on, "although years ago at Belmont Park I saw as many as 28 horses run down the Widener chute. But that was a straightaway. This Derby is going to do one thing no matter who wins it—produce excuses."

Bardaro has had good success with horses in Florida and New Jersey and may run Buck's Bid in the Jersey Derby, although he said the event he really has in mind is the Belmont. "I know that this week in Louisville is kind of a rat race," he said, "but I'm used to being around a lot of horses, so I'm not too shook up. I've been training 13 horses at Hialeah and 15 at Garden State by telephone while I've been here getting Buck's Bid ready for the Derby."

Jimenez, a dapper 48-year-old protegé of Buddy Hirsch, for years one of the most respected American trainers, had been to Louisville before. "I saw War Admiral, Pensive and Citation win," he said. As for Agitate's No. 1 post position: "My horse is a good horse but there are better post positions for him than this. If I had my pick, it certainly wouldn't be the one I ended up with."

When Agitate was loaded into the gate he had 22 runners on his right and nothing but the fence on his left. Buck's Bid had 22 opponents on his left and nothing but a howling mob on his right. Agitate came out in good order but got bumped around later. Buck's Bid broke better than expected, was in good position fairly early and stayed there. His seventh-place finish left him 7½ lengths behind the winner, but he picked up some ground in the stretch.

Neither jockey seemed upset by the outcome. "I got jostled around," Shoemaker said, "but the horse did a fine job." Macbeth said, "Buck's Bid ran good. It wasn't the type of race that should discourage anyone."

A win for Shoemaker would have meant a fourth Derby and his 101st $100,000 victory. Had Macbeth won, it would have been his first Derby victory and his second $100,000 stake. After Shoemaker dressed, he walked quickly through the crowd of people in the clubhouse area. A man preceded him carrying the famous jockey's bag. A whip was stuck through the bag's handles. "The Shoe" was written on its sides. A few people gawked at Shoemaker, opened their mouths to say something and then ducked their heads into their *Daily Racing Forms*. Meanwhile, in the jockeys' room, Macbeth went to Angel Cordero's locker and plucked a long-stemmed rose from the bouquet that is given to the winning rider. He brought the rose back to his own locker and carefully put it in a green plastic pail filled with sponges and murky water.

—William Leggett

THEY'RE CENTERS OF ATTENTION

As the playoffs between the Bucks and the Celtics got tougher, the biggest question was: Could Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the game's best, score often enough to dominate Dave Cowens, the second best? **by PETER CARRY**

A minute and five seconds remained, but the fourth Boston-Milwaukee playoff game already was decided. The Bucks had clinched their 97–89 victory to even the series 2-2, but in that sweet moment at Boston Garden they found yet another way to get the ball to Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, a problem that had beset them, win or lose, throughout the first three games. Facing the Celtics' omnipresent, pestiferous press, Milwaukee lofted the ball to Kareem, stationed at an uncharacteristic post 60 feet from the hoop. Abdul-Jabbar dribbled off down the length of the court, outracing two Celtics on his way to a thunderous dunk. The swoosh of the ball through the net served to emphasize a point (or two): while Boston seemed to have a wide advantage in manpower early in the series, Milwaukee could in the end have the biggest edge of all in Abdul-Jabbar—if it can keep finding fresh ways to deliver him the ball.

Not since 1969, the last time Boston was in the finals, had the NBA offered such an enticing matchup, such a sweet juxtaposition of styles and stature. It was the small Celtics against the big Bucks, Boston's pressure against Milwaukee's patience, 7′2″ Abdul-Jabbar, the pros' best center, against 6′9″ Dave Cowens, the pros' next best. In fact, the lone similarity between these teams was that they had clearly established themselves as the league's top clubs. Boston had dallied briefly in knocking out Buffalo 4-2 in the first playoff round, but had needed only five games to dash aging New York's hopes. Meanwhile the Bucks, who had been expected to have to struggle with starting Guard Lucius Allen injured, ripped up Los Angeles and Chicago, winning eight of nine games in their opening two series.

In high gear, Cowens gets by Abdul-Jabbar and heads downcourt to take his outside shot.

The Celtics, five deep at guard and using more speed than Timothy Leary, play the daring old Boston game. It is a style that had fallen into mild decline as other teams, most prominently the Knicks, began winning with a conservative, walk-the-ball-up-the-floor strategy. As a result, recent championship rounds have had all the zing of Super Bowl VIII. By the end of last week basketball buffs were comparing Coach Tom Heinsohn's reading of theories concocted by an old Red named Auerbach with the military tactics of Chairman Mao: the Boston fast break, said one opponent, is like the human-wave assaults of the Chinese army. And while the Bucks were trying to figure out how to stop the hordes of quick baskets by John Havlicek and Jo Jo White, the Celtics pressured them the other way with a 94-foot press. Don Chaney, the 6′5″ guard with the hands of a purse snatcher and the wingspan of a pterodactyl, used harassment to force steals and other turnovers and to leave Oscar Robertson reeling off none too gracefully into middle age.

Milwaukee, which usually makes few ball-handling errors, kicked the ball away, threw it awry and sometimes even seemed to be dribbling with its thumbs against Boston's press. Those mistakes were precisely the ones the Bucks could least afford because, as Coach Larry Costello said, "If we could just get the damn ball out of the back

Kareem wheels on Dave to try his skyhook.

court, our problems would be solved."

Costello could say that with assurance since he has basketball's best problem solver in Abdul-Jabbar. The Bucks' usual solution is to work the ball patiently to Kareem at the low post, and then let him perform as the game's most uncontainable shooter and one of its very best passers. Abdul-Jabbar can pick defenses apart. So thoroughly, and so deftly, does he control the Milwaukee offense that the Boston series offered an opportunity to answer a question that the Bucks' frustrated rivals are almost afraid to ask: Just how good is Kareem? Without him Milwaukee would be a loser, the standard argument goes. And there is considerable logic to it, since the Bucks have won 248 games in the last four years with a strictly ordinary supporting cast. Only the absent Allen and Forward Bob Dandridge are above average, average being about all that can be said for Robertson since he turned 35.

During ordinary games, Abdul-Jabbar is often worth two or three of the other side's men. But if Milwaukee manages to defeat a team as strong as Boston in the playoffs that would be a serious underestimate.

Cowens does not get much direct help from his teammates in attempting to halt his taller opponent, a task that recalls unfond memories. In Dave's rookie year Abdul-Jabbar scored 53 points against him in one game, and Cowens has never forgotten it. "No one wants to look used and foolish out on the court," he says. "Our style doesn't give me much help because the other guys are off pressing, so I have to try to stop him by myself and remember that if he has a big game I won't be the first guy it's happened to.

"But I have a couple of things going for me. When the guys are off pressing, they're really helping me. The better they press, the less often Kareem's going to get the ball. And on offense I can score from the outside, which puts him at a disadvantage."

Certainly Cowens had his teammates' press going for him in the first game. The ball was arriving in Abdul-Jabbar's hands with just enough time for him to shoot, but not enough for the other Bucks to maneuver around him for scores of their own. Kareem put in 35 points. The next-highest Bucks had just 12, and Boston won 98–83. In the second game, when Milwaukee switched to a strategy of isolating Robertson in the backcourt to bring the ball up alone against Chaney, Milwaukee made 22 turnovers, but Abdul-Jabbar's edge over Cowens more than balanced that. Kareem scored 36 points, set most of the picks and threw most of the passes. Dandridge was able to spring loose for 24 more points as the Bucks won 105-96 in overtime. Boston might still have taken that game had Cowens hit more than three of his 13 long shots and if Kareem had not come from somewhere over the rainbow to block Cowens' running hook in the last seconds of regulation time.

Two days later back in Boston, Cowens stayed after practice to sharpen his outside shot. First Havlicek, then a reporter, shagged rebounds as he slowly worked out an imperfection in his one-hander. Standing 20 feet from the basket, Cowens explained, "I've been getting the ball out here and putting it over my head while I looked for cutters to pass to. When I finally got around to shooting, I was releasing from up there, but my normal shot starts under my chin. I've got to remember to bring the ball down before I shoot it up."

The next night, though he played only 32 minutes because of foul trouble, Cowens for the first time exploited *his* advantage. He hit seven of 10 long shots, outscored Kareem 30-26, and Boston won 95–83 with some more masterful pressing. While the Celtics built a 21-point first-quarter lead, Milwaukee committed 11 errors. By the end of the game that total had soared to 27—Chaney and Havlicek had 10 steals between them—and Boston had scored 32 points off the press. In the second quarter Hank (High Henry) Finkel, who had averaged exactly 1/11th of a second per game of playing time during the Celts' first two series, was guarding Abdul-Jabbar. Nevertheless, the Bucks were able to get their big man the ball for only two shots.

Afterward Kareem sat amid a group of reporters in the locker room and tried to explain Milwaukee's dilemma in the first three games. "During his early years with the Warriors," asked a reporter, "when Wilt Chamberlain was criticized for never winning championships, he used to defend himself by saying he wasn't getting much help from his teammates. Do you sometimes feel the same way?"

"You're trying to get me to say that my teammates aren't any good," answered Abdul-Jabbar.

"I guess so," the reporter admitted.

"I have no comment on that," said Abdul-Jabbar.

There was plenty to say about one of those *other* Bucks after the fourth game. Costello started ABA castoff Mickey Davis at guard though Davis had played only one pro game at the position. He will be seen there more often after the problems he caused Boston. Heinsohn first tried 6′3″ White on him, but 6′7″ Davis simply shot over him for eight early points. Chaney, at 6′5″, inherited Davis, but that took the guts out of the Boston press. For most of the game Chaney was either busy with Davis, who finished with 15 points, or in foul trouble, and Robertson was able to bring the ball upcourt relatively unmolested. Forty-six times the ball went into Abdul-Jabbar, who wheeled for 34 points and passed off for six assists. And when the Celtics edged to within five points with 4:14 to go, Davis made one final big play. Taking an over-the-shoulder pass from Abdul-Jabbar, he went backdoor along the baseline for a layup and a foul shot. The three points finished Boston and indicated that when Kareem gets a little help from his friends, Milwaukee is not all that undermanned. **END**

SINGLY FEEBLE BUT DOUBLE TROUBLE

South Africa's Frew McMillan and Bob Hewitt are two lesser lights on the pro tour, but put them together and they're killers, as they proved again last week in the WCT doubles championship

by FRANK DEFORD

Montreal is an appropriate location for a doubles championship, since it is the maddening law of the land that everything said or written comes double, English and French, *Francais et Anglais*. Not since Canada inflicted upon us Robert Goulet, who can't sing the national anthem in any language, have men of goodwill been forced to listen to anything as torturous as four days of doubles announced in duplicate: "Advantage, *avantage . . double faute*, double fault." But mercifully, doubles is so fine a game to watch that one can endure assaults to the other senses nicely, nicely.

When practiced by the new champions, Bob Hewitt and Frew McMillan of South Africa, doubles is also an art form, as presumably swordplay, surgery and marriage are at their highest levels. Performing with grace, precision and élan, the South African pair utterly outclassed a field of the best eight teams on the World Championship Tennis tour in the only major doubles tournament there is. To make $20,000 apiece, they clobbered Swedes in the quarters, Americans in the semis and Australians in the finals, whipping the Forest Hills titleholders, John Newcombe and Owen Davidson, 6–2, 6–7, 6–1, 6–2.

Doubles is sort of a handsome stepchild. It is often more exciting than singles, with longer rallies and more strategy, and most of the spectators who also play the game are more attuned to doubles. What Bill Tilden said half a century ago still suffices: "People enjoy doubles more than singles because they have to do less work, have a partner to blame for defeat and someone to listen to their gripes as they play."

But despite its popularity, doubles is given short shrift in the big time. As recently as 1971, for example, the U.S. Men's Doubles Championship at Forest Hills was considered so trifling that everybody concerned was content to let the finalists play a nine-point tie breaker instead of a last set to determine the winners. And when it comes to doubles, money is no object. Indeed, it barely exists at all. World Championship Tennis

As Bob Hewitt looks on in Montreal, Frew McMillan in his Sluggo cap slugs a winner.

awards just $900 each to the doubles winners of its regular weekly tournaments—and that is only $400 more than the losers of the first-round singles matches get.

"It's ridiculous," says McMillan. "Far more people identify with doubles, and it's usually a better game, because with four players instead of two there's less chance of one side dominating the other. Yet here tennis is getting more and more commercial, and its best product is going begging."

Although the casual clothes that most pro tennis players wear off the court might suggest otherwise, none of them has taken formal vows of poverty. As a consequence, instead of hustling for doubles pittances, some either just go through the motions or tank outright. After both members of a team have been eliminated in singles, the pay scale all but encourages them to dump their doubles so they can go on to the next tournament and practice for the big singles money. When a change of surface is involved—say, when the tour is moving from a fast artificial court to slow clay—so many teams may be dumping that it can look more like a superfecta race at the trots than tennis. "You see your opponents across the net having a conference," says one of the Montreal qualifiers, "and you wonder whether they're planning to hit out or into the net." Sometimes clever surrender strategy is demanded. In his book *Match Point*, Marty Riessen recalls a tournament a couple of years ago in which he and his partner, Tom Okker, lost purposely in order to make an early departure. In the locker room, players will openly joke about their intentions to take a doubles dive.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

"The Montreal tournament has helped the situation," Newcombe says. "When I played WCT two years ago, before they had this championship, the dumping was commonplace, but this year, at least in our group, I could count on one hand the matches that were thrown outright." Still, even if a clear-cut fix isn't in, the players are not going to give the customers their money's worth so long as doubles money remains a bagatelle.

"Right after we qualified for this," says another Montreal player, "we had some matches that got started late in the afternoon, and when we couldn't beat the other guys in straight sets, all of a sudden I started thinking, what the hell do I want to *win* this thing for and have to hang around for a couple hundred bucks, which will just about cover my hotel and taxes."

At least the situation is being recognized. Already the Grand Prix circuit has begun to determine its singles finalists by including some consideration of doubles performance, and last week in Montreal the players were discussing a proposed new prize schedule that would allot 20% of the total money to doubles. Mike Davies, the WCT executive director, agreed that a doubles hike within that range was called for. Certainly 20% ought to be the minimum amount. Doubles is 20% of the Davis Cup, for example, while the women's Wightman Cup is 29% doubles, and both the Federation Cup (for women)

continued

and the new World Team Tennis are one-third doubles. But beyond what the promoters pay, the players themselves—and notably their powerful guild, the Association of Tennis Professionals—are going to have to police themselves and denounce the hanky-panky if they want to retain the public's faith in all facets of the game.

Another problem that doubles suffers from is the lack of team continuity. Few pairs stay together long enough to become any sort of entity. Not since 1959 have the same two players won Wimbledon and the U.S. title in the same year, and the political splintering of the game makes it increasingly difficult for teams to stick together for any length of time. WTT, which opens this week, will only accelerate that trend; even the McMillan and Hewitt team will be split up for much of the rest of the year. The prototype modern doubles champion is Roy Emerson, who has won more Big Three (Wimbledon, French, U.S.) doubles titles than any player in history by playing doubles like Zsa Zsa Gabor plays marriage. In one stretch back in the '60s, Emerson won six straight French championships—with five different partners. And the vogue is toward convenience couplings. On the WCT tour this year, such bizarre combinations as an Englishman-Mexican, Yugoslav-Aussie, New Zealander-Egyptian and Italian-Rumanian not only competed together but actually won tournaments. Doubles, sadly, is no longer a game between regular teams, but between these two guys and those two guys.

The major exception is Hewitt-McMillan, who have played together since late 1966—last year excepted when Hewitt was out with a ruptured Achilles' tendon. Hewitt is an expatriate Aussie who could never break into Davis Cup Coach Harry Hopman's lineup. Hopman found his temperament suspect and, indeed, Hewitt generally deports himself puerilely on court. Last week he even cursed some of the players' wives and girl friends when they clapped on a lost point by the South Africans during their semifinals match. The outburst was made all the more embarrassing because WCT boss Lamar Hunt, who had been politely moving among the players' ladies like the President at the Army-Navy game, was then seated just a few feet away from them with Mrs. Hewitt.

By contrast, McMillan, a Scotchman on both sides (Frew, which diligent proofreaders carefully change to Fred, is his mother's maiden name), is mannerly if expressionless, his face alternately vacant and stony beneath his tidy white Sluggo cap. The two partners seldom bother with each other off the court—a venue, incidentally, where Hewitt is invariably decorous.

Like Davidson, both Hewitt and McMillan were below .500 as singles players on the WCT tour. Hewitt, bald and broad in the beam, moves, by his own account, at a "waddle," while McMillan, though fast, is so slender his shorts hang at his waist as if they had been put out to dry on the line, and he is limited in range since he hits two-handed from both sides. But these deficiencies are of slight consequence in doubles, where McMillan only has to mind half a court with his zip reflexes and Hewitt's facile touch can offset his lead feet. He has such a feel for the ball that, when he is distracted or anguished between points, he will call for a ball and sort of play with it, massaging it with his racket, like a painter doodling or a tailor fondling a fine fabric.

Top-flight doubles, especially as these two play it, is more a three-dimensional game than singles. The key is not so much how the players move horizontally as how the ball is directed vertically. You seek, in the players' vernacular, to hit *down* on the ball (not, say, long or hard). The crucial shot is not the serve that begins the point, or the volley that ends it, but the return of serve, which invariably determines who will control the action, who will be hitting *down*. In the semis, for example, where the South Africans beat Ashe and Roscoe Tanner in straight sets, Tanner got a high proportion of

continued

Newcombe and Davidson kept their sights high, but Frew and Bob cut them down to size.

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hard first serves in, but Hewitt and McMillan simply chipped the ball back low at his feet and broke three of the first four games he served.

"You hold the whip when you serve," McMillan explains, "but you can take the whip for yourself with your return." Considering the angle of delivery and the position of the netman opposite, a player returning serve has little more than a third of a court to aim for. "But once we're returning steady," Newcombe says, "we'll get a forehand as the next shot 90% of the time, because our man at the net blocks any return to our backhands."

Newcombe and Davidson enjoy this edge because Davidson is a lefty, giving them forehands *on both* wings. Newcombe, a forehand-court (right-side) player, has almost always been paired with lefties, which is crucial to him now because doubles is such a game of angles, and he is used to a left-handed backcourt partner determining what angles opponents must play back to him. Newcombe and Davidson are not as classic a team as the South Africans, since so much depends upon Newcombe and, in the negative sense, upon how well the opposition can exploit Davidson's weak backhand and limited serve. But the two Aussies are extremely close friends—*mates*. Both live in Texas now and sport similar tastes in mustaches, beer and wives named Angie.

Davidson, blunt but extremely popular, possesses consummate good taste in partners since he plays mixed doubles with Billie Jean King. Newcombe, the heavy favorite for the WCT singles championship this week, is now at the height of his powers, although his career has had an inordinate lack of attention. His thrilling comeback victory over Jan Kodes in the finals at Forest Hills last fall received only cursory notice, for example, though it was by all odds one of the cleverest, most courageous and proficient victories in the tournament's history. Newcombe has already won 16 Big Three titles, more than any modern player except Emerson and Tilden. Still a couple weeks short of 30, Newcombe will surely retire as the all-time tennis titlist.

It is rare that Newcombe loses an important final, so the South Africans' devastating victory last Sunday counts that much more for them. After a slow start on the tour, as Hewitt worked himself back into shape, he and McMillan have come on strong, have won 21 of their last 22 matches and are clearly the class of tennis. They broke Newcombe the first time he served and Davidson almost at will (seven of nine times) and, except for a wavy spot in the second set when McMillan got caught in sloppy errors coming to the net after his serve, they were never in trouble.

The South Africans are at their finest with Hewitt serving his twisting stuff, while McMillan, like a little boy made to go sit in the corner, camps by the net. Hewitt, first dinking and cutting, will suddenly make the telling, forcing shot, enabling McMillan, this specter, this apparition in a hat, *two* hands *clutching* the racket like an umbrella in a storm, to launch himself out of the corner and either kill the ball or slice it neatly into an opening.

The whole tenor of the final was established in the first game when Newcombe was broken—14 times he served, 14 times the ball came back, and usually right at his feet. In the first set the South Africans only twice failed to make service returns.

This forced the Australians to serve harder, which meant a few aces, and it even got them the second set. There at mutual set point, 6–6 in the tie breaker, Davidson snuck a dandy first serve down the middle and Hewitt could not handle it with his backhand. But it also meant double faults and second serves and wasted energy—all hogeymen in a percentage game like doubles.

Then the South Africans, like a marauding division of army ants, just went on nibbling the opposition to death. They possess intuition that is eerie, they never even have to call "out" to one another when a ball appears to be hit long. In the whole tournament just once did they not go for a ball that fell in.

"If you saw those two guys practicing on a court somewhere and you didn't know who they were," Ashe said ruefully a few hours before they cleaned his clock, "you'd think anybody on your block could beat them." But the fact is the bald guy with the paunch and the skinny kid with the cap, who look like a pickup father-and-son team, can beat everybody in the world, which they just did. And no fix was in for the doubles this week. **END**

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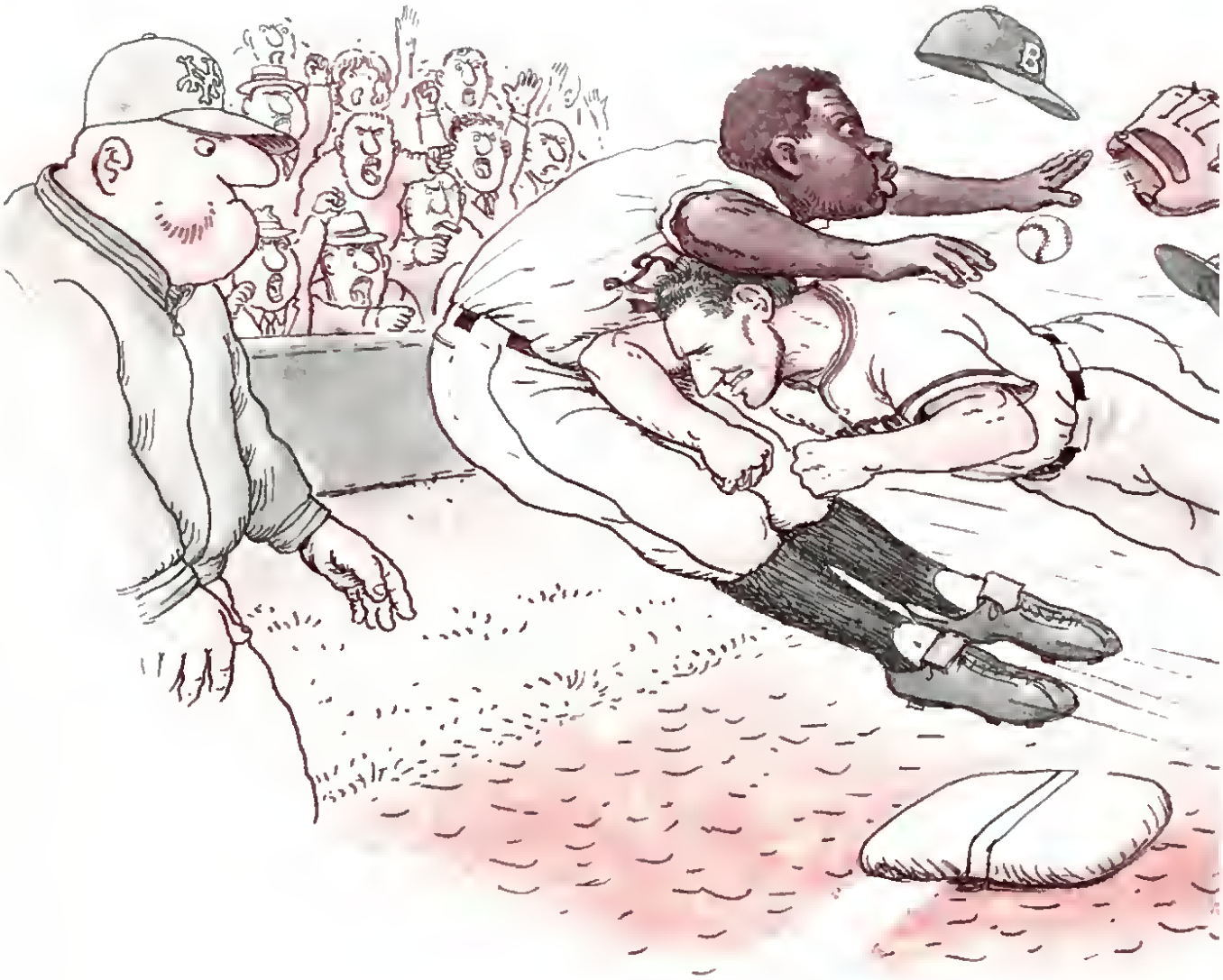


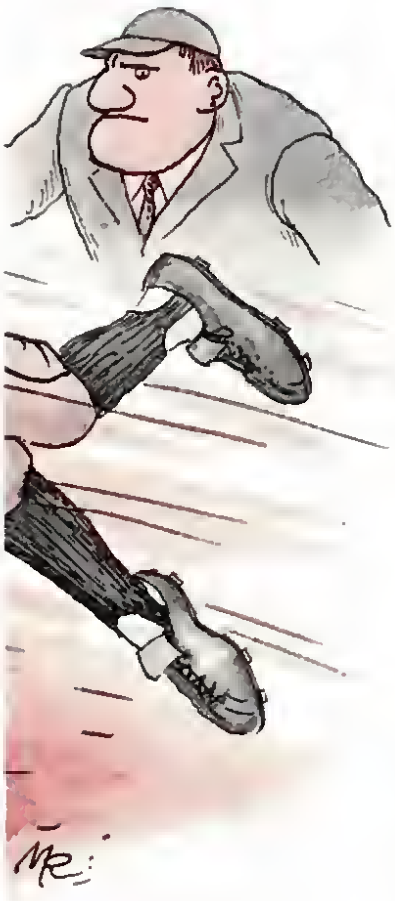
RHUBARBS, HASSLES, OTHER HAZARDS

Oakland's new field boss, no stranger to controversy, writes of the *reckless joys of playing ball—and the joyous perils of managing*

by ALVIN DARK with JOHN UNDERWOOD

Baseball managers are peculiar people. Put it another way, it takes a peculiar person to crave all the aggravation, to be willing to pass up the credit for a team's successes and accept the blame for its failures and shortcomings, and to put up with the second-guessers. Going in, the odds are all against him—24 teams, one champion, 23 to 1. Unless he has fooled himself he has to realize it's a high-risk occupation. He has to know that the only thing definite when he starts out is that sooner or later he'll be fired. There aren't many Walter Alstons in this business.

It has always been my belief that an effective manager is one who keeps a



STORMING into the Dodgers' Jackie Robinson to avenge a Giant teammate was a momentous happening in Dark's let-'er-rip playing days.

low silhouette, one who runs a team and a game without anyone noticing he's doing it—though it rarely worked that way for me. Some managers I've played for or observed might not agree at all. Leo Durocher's silhouette was about as low as Lookout Mountain, and Leo was a great manager. I played for him, and fought for him, and fought with him, and I can say that he was a great manager when he was in New York, with guts coming out of his ears. The Durocher who managed the Cubs years later should by no means be confused with the Durocher who took the Giants to pennants in 1951 and 1954.

The cream doesn't necessarily rise to the top in baseball; the best managers aren't always the pennant winners. I think Gene Mauch is the best manager in baseball today, and he's never been on top. Why is he the best? Because he's an active manager and a great competitor, and because he can sit down with a ballplayer and say, "Now, look. I'm the best friend you've got, but you're about to lose your best friend," and reach him. And he can turn right around and tell the star of the team, "Who do you think you are? You think we can't do without you?" Players respect Mauch because he not only doesn't miss anything but the next afternoon at four he'll be out there with the player he's been on, helping him. He'll work at it 24 hours a day if he has to. He can take an individual—and this is the tough part when you realize the silly little stunts some of them pull—and block out everything that isn't positive. He can sit right there and tell a .250 hitter, "Joe, you're the best ballplayer in the league. You're great."

But Mauch can't pitch a shutout or score a run, and when the players don't do it he's the one who has to take the heat and make the necessary moves. Put himself on the spot to get his players off it. I called pitches from the bench in San Francisco when I thought it was necessary, as many as six or seven innings in a row. Nobody can blame the catcher then if something goes wrong. Scared managing detracts from the game and lessens its appeal because a game without strategies, without exciting base running, hit-and-running and stolen bases can be tedious. A scared manager will never squeeze. He'll complain that the hit-and-run is overworked and dangerous.

Branch Rickey once said that if you gave him a well-pitched game and one properly executed hit-and-run he would win most games, and I believe it. But hit-and-run plays and suicide squeezes and that kind of thing put a manager on a spot, and a seared manager won't try them. He'll say, "We'll run and hit instead. Swing if you want. Run if you want. But don't leave me any decisions." When I was with the Braves the sportswriters used to come in and ask Billy Southworth, "Was that last out a hit-and-run?" And he'd say, "Aw, no, I never call hit-and-run. It was the batter's decision."

As a shortstop I knew what the hit-and-run could do, the confusion it creates. When I was playing for the Giants, other shortstops told me our tactics kept their whole infield in a turmoil, everybody jumpy, not knowing where we were going to strike.

The point is this: you can do everything by the book day after day, but there'll come a time when you feel a need to try something unorthodox, and if it fails you're sure to be criticized. Be prepared for the roof to come down—and then make up your mind you'll pick up the pieces and try again. Never put the winning run on base? I've done it 50 times when I thought the batter was a greater threat to beat us than the man on deck. I've walked Frank Howard with two out and a man on first base and leading 1–0 just so we wouldn't have to pitch to him, and that meant putting the winning run on first. My transgressions against the book could fill a book of their own. I'm not talking about wild, harebrained, spur-of-the-moment schemes; I'm talking about things that should be considered when you're discussing the game, planning for it, talking it over at the hotel or in the clubhouse beforehand.

continued

When the situation arises, you react.

In Detroit one night when I was managing the Indians we had a right-handed relief pitcher in the game, and going pretty good. Detroit got a man on with two out, and I brought in a lefthander to pitch to the left-handed batter. I didn't want to take my righthander out of the game because he was still strong and our bullpen was depleted, so I moved him to third base and put the third baseman, whom I didn't want out of the game either, on first. The batter then hit an easy grounder to first. Perfect. All my converted third baseman had to do was field the ball. He fumbled it. The next guy tripled for the winning runs.

A risk, sure, and it didn't pan out. But it was a calculated risk. You lose some.

Sam McDowell was like a son to me but he was not one of the best fielding pitchers in baseball—and still isn't. We were playing the Senators one night, leading by a run in their half of the eighth inning. With men on second and third and two out, Frank Howard was up, followed by another strong right-hand hitter, Rick Reichardt. I couldn't afford to let Sam pitch to Howard or Reichardt because they're good fastball hitters and might just hit one out. So I brought in Dean Chance, and moved McDowell to second base. Chance intentionally walked Howard to load the bases. I had to think the chances of Reichardt hitting the ball to McDowell were nil. And sure enough Reichardt hit the ball to third but the third baseman threw to second. To McDowell. I about croaked. It was a bad throw, too. But somehow McDowell came up with it for the forceout. In the ninth he struck out the side. You win some.

What sends managers packing is that team owners are not above second-guessing. Which is their right. It's their money. Vernon Stouffer, the chairman of the Cleveland club when I managed there, knew little about baseball. He is one of the dearest men I've ever met, and he was a gung-ho owner, but he listened to every piece of scattershot advice that came along. People would sit up in his box and say, "Why'd Dark do that? He shoulda done so-and-so." And then he'd say to me, "Alvin, you shoulda done so-and-so." He thought I could talk players into hitting .300 and pitching shutouts. I dug my own grave in Cleveland, though, and I'm not blaming Mr. Stouffer for my mistakes there.

In fact, when I compare the joys I've had as manager with the pleasures I had playing the game I probably ought to have my head examined for wanting to manage again. My athletic career was a picnic. Football at LSU and Southwestern Louisiana, making a couple of All-America teams. National League Rookie of the Year with the Boston Braves in 1948, when we won the pennant. Pennants twice with Durocher's Giants, one on what is undoubtedly the most famous home run ever hit, and a World Series sweep of the Indians in 1954. I hit .417 and .412 in those two Series and was voted into the All-Star Game three times.

Now, compare that with the joy of being fired as manager of the San Francisco Giants, after being charged in a newspaper with being a racist—although that wasn't the reason I was fired. Then fired by the Kansas City Athletics following a misunderstanding that almost resulted in baseball's first player strike. Then fired by the Indians with 2½ years to go on my contract, principally because I got too big for my britches and went to war with everybody.

So what is a grown man with at least some of his faculties doing managing again, and for one of the men, Mr. Finley, who fired him? I don't know... but a lot of prayer went into it and I'm tickled to death to be back. I have to think God didn't want me to be an amateur golfer the rest of my life after all, and He's the one I have to answer to.

Baseball is better every time. Like in 1951, when I was captain of the Giants and we came from 13 games back on Aug. 11 to beat the Dodgers for the pennant. We had a motto, "Let 'er rip." We hit-and-ran, we stole bases, we squeezed in runs. We did everything with abandon. Every time we hit the ball we thought "double," and rounded first with the idea we'd wind up on second.

The last month and a half of the 1951 season allowed for very little sleep. We'd go to the park, win. Go to the park, win. We won 16 straight and still had a lot of ground to cover because the Dodgers were playing so well themselves. We won 37 of our last 44 to tie for the lead. We were always coming from behind. It didn't matter what the score was. Everybody would say, "Just keep it going."

In the bottom of the ninth in the last game of the three-game playoff with the Dodgers, we trailed 4-1. I led off. The crowds in the old Polo Grounds were always great, but this one was especially excited, as if the people could sense something wonderful about to happen. I must have fouled off seven Don Newcombe pitches before I hit one into right field for a single. Then Don Mueller singled. Monte Irvin popped out, but Whitey Lockman doubled me in and sent Mueller sliding into third, where he sprained his ankle and had to be carried off the field on a stretcher. Clint Hartung ran for him.

Out came Newcombe and in came Ralph Branca. And on a one-strike, no-ball pitch, out of the park went Bobby Thomson's home run, "the shot heard 'round the world."

If the entire season had been that hairy we'd have all wound up in the cardiac ward, but it was indicative of the way we did things. And I have to think Leo Durocher inspired it. He instilled it in us.

I was the team captain, but the club was a reflection of Durocher and Eddie Stanky. Stanky would sit on you at second base, pull on your shirt, step on you, throw dirt. When he got on base he immediately filled his hands with dirt.

What hurts about the impermanence of a professional athlete's life is that you lose track of people. For a brief time I had the chance to manage against Stanky when he was with the White Sox and I was on my first tour with the Athletics. And for one series at least the old spark was there. I don't know how it started but a beanball contest was in full bloom, and Stanky and his pitcher got thrown out of the game. The next day we were leading 4-1 and Stanky decided to change pitchers. He went to the mound and called in Dennis Higgins, and when Higgins got there Stanky slapped him on the shoulder—picture the Brat having to reach up to do it—and pointed to home plate and yelled, "Right down the middle!" Then he walked all the way to the plate, strutting like a little soldier, and when he was standing right in front of the umpire he gestured with his hand and yelled back to Higgins, "Right here. Right down the middle!" Both benches were dying laughing, and Charlie Finley said later he was almost in tears. Fortunately the umpire was Ed Runge, an old friend of Stanky's, or he would have been thrown out again.

Stanky left the White Sox with three years on his contract, and he left me a load of memories. And something else.

continued

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too. He used to wear a World Series ring, one he had made when he was with the Dodgers in 1947, when they won a pennant. He knew I admired it. I told him so in a cab one day in 1948. A few weeks later I got a package in the mail. It was the same World Series ring I had told Stanky I liked so much in the cab.

I haven't seen the little Brat since 1968. He coaches a university team at South Alabama now. He was the only close friend I had as a player, and I miss him.

There has been a quiz going around lately: Who was the only man who ever caught a pass from Y. A. Tittle and hit a home run off Sandy Koufax? The answer is supposed to be Alvin Dark, but it's not accurate. Tittle played at LSU after I did. I went there on a basketball and baseball scholarship in 1941, but I transferred to Southwestern Louisiana in the V-12 program to become a Marine officer. Grantland Rice wrote some nice things about my football and I was drafted by the Philadelphia Eagles in 1945, but I was still in the Marine Corps at the time, and I wasn't interested. I was engaged to baseball. The Boston Braves had a scout waiting for me in Lake Charles when I got back from overseas in 1946. The only time he'd seen me play was at LSU four years before. He said to put on a piece of paper how much I'd sign for. I wrote "$50,000," a lot of money in those pre-Mark McCormack days, and to my astonishment the Braves said O.K.

Warren Spahn and I met the club in Pittsburgh the same day, and I remember they gave us each a nail to hang our clothes on.

I sat on the Boston bench the rest of the 1946 season, then played a season at Milwaukee where I was Rookie of the Year in the American Association. The next spring, back with the Braves, I told Billy Southworth I was there to play, not to watch from the bench, and he never took me out of the lineup again. In 1949 Stanky and I were traded together to the Giants.

Although my own temper was a little more contained than Stanky's, I do admit to a short fuse. It has been a big embarrassment to me. I hit a fly ball to left field off Warren Spahn one night in the Polo Grounds and in anger shattered my bat on the plate. I was standing there with the pieces in my hands when the ball settled into the stands for a home run.

But I never went looking for trouble, and the only fights I got in were on the field, usually because Durocher had riled somebody. Like Jackie Robinson. Herman Franks had been coaching for Leo for years. They were buddies, and Franks was Leo's No. 1 holler guy. Leo liked to have somebody to spell him when his throat went dry, or to increase the volume. Leo would say, "Herman, get on this guy . . . get on Newcombe." He was always getting Herman to yell at Newcombe. Newcombe was Leo's kind of target—he was about 6'4" and Leo was about 5'10".

Herman Franks was a tough guy himself. He played freshman football in college, and he was no mincer of words. Except Herman wasn't always pleased with his role because, as he said, after Leo made everybody mad, he had to go out and coach third base. "I gotta holler for that big-nosed so-and-so, then *I'm* the one that's got to risk getting killed," he would say.

One time we were in Ebbets Field, in a pennant fight with the Dodgers, and Leo had been hollering for Sal Maglie to stick-it-in-his-ear whenever a Dodger came up. And he almost stuck it in Robinson's. Down went Jackie, and when he got up you could see he wasn't exactly jumping for joy. There are some guys you can knock down and some you can't. When Robinson came to bat again, he was still seething. He bunted down the first-base line, hoping to get Maglie to cover so he could trample him. But he pushed the ball too far and Whitey Lockman fielded it and Davey Williams, the second baseman, covered first. Robinson wasn't picky. He bowled Williams over with such obvious malice that both benches immediately emptied onto the field. A typical baseball fight followed, with a lot of words exchanged.

They had to carry Williams off, and his back, which had been injured before, was never the same. He was finished in the big leagues. Still, I could understand Robinson's feelings—he had to hit *somebody*, and it happened to be an innocent bystander.

When we got to the dugout, I called the team together. I said, "Somebody's got to get him." Meaning Robinson. We decided the first base runner to get to third would do it.

And who do you suppose was the first runner to reach Robinson at third base? I hit a ball down the left-field line, no more than a double. But when I rounded second I accelerated. Robinson gave me a quick double take and realized what was happening. He was braced when I left the ground, 15 feet from third. A complete wipeout. Caps, helmet, glove, ball—everything went flying, including two adult males, one black Brooklyn player and one white Southerner. The way Robinson told it I almost put him in the seats. He said later he'd have done the same thing in my position. But *you* couldn't hurt Robinson. And if you did he wouldn't let you know it. If I'd broken his leg I'm sure he would have gotten up and walked to third base. Robinson was the greatest competitor I ever saw.

You can believe that was the kind of player I wanted when I took over the San Francisco Giants in 1961. I hadn't been with them since my playing days in 1956, but the Giants were still the Giants. The new team motto was supposed to be "Shut Up and Deal," but all the talk about drinking bouts and carousing was mostly that. Talk. Those things are easily exaggerated. The only thing I felt they needed was to be shaken up a little. They seemed to have gotten used to finishing third. Maybe what I was really facing was the "new" athlete, the superbusinessman who cares as much about the figures on his contract as the figures in the standings.

Early on, we played Philadelphia and lost a 1–0 game in which we left nine men on in the last three innings. It was the kind of loss that just leaves you goofy. I was first in the locker room and was about to sit down when two of the players came in, and by the sound of their voices they were as crestfallen as a couple of hummingbirds. La de da da, just laughing and having a good time. There was a stool handy, one of those metal ones with a structural support that makes a V. I grabbed it and threw it over against the wall.

I remember feeling a little twinge of pain when I threw it, but I didn't notice anything until Larry Jansen, my pitching coach, said, "Cap, Cap, look. . . ." and sat down. I think he almost fainted.

I had thrown the tip of my little finger off. It had caught in the V of the stool, and when I looked at my right hand the bone was sticking out and there was blood all over the place. The players later found the tip and had it pickled in a jar. I had to get a doctor to

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stitch me up—and assure me it wouldn't affect my golf swing. When I got back to my hotel room I was all bandaged up and Barney Kremenko, a New York writer I had been whipping at gin the night before, was waiting.

"Does this mean we can't finish our game?" he said.

"Not tonight, Barney," I said.

I would like to think I have tamed down a lot since then, but I was never a very tranquil loser. Any sign of indifference over a defeat was liable to set me off. I flipped a buffet table in Houston one afternoon. You can appreciate the enormity of the act if you've ever seen a clubhouse after a game. You'd think the table was set for a *bar mitzvah*, loaded down as it was with lobster, fried chicken, pickles, the works.

The worst was in St. Louis that year. We're fighting for the pennant, two outs in the ninth and Orlando Cepeda on second base. The count on Harvey Kuenn is 3 and 2, and Cepeda *has* to be running on the pitch. There's no way he can't score on a base hit. Sure enough Kuenn hits one to left field, and my eyes are on Cepeda. When the ball is hit he starts trotting. And he's still trotting when he gets to third. Then he realizes he better run. Lou Brock throws a perfect strike home, and Cepeda doesn't even slide. He's tagged out, and we lose 1–0.

And the first thing I see when I get into the clubhouse is that smorgasbord. The circuits blew. I threw chicken, spare ribs, potato salad, everything that was on the table.

The Dodgers were to follow us on the Cardinal schedule and their equipment was already in the locker room. The next day when Duke Snider came in to get dressed he found a hot dog in his shoe.

Our superstar in 1961 was Willie Mays, but San Francisco hadn't treated him like one. The fans were on him, he'd been criticized openly in the press—some really vicious stories—and they were even booing him. Everyone seemed to think he didn't play when he didn't want to. The fact was he played a lot of times when he was hurt, and when he wasn't going good. Worst of all, he wasn't accepted as he had been in New York, where he was beloved.

I remember Mays from the first day he arrived with the Giants in 1951, and I've always thought he was terrific. Regardless of what has been said or written, the affection I had for Willie then has never faded, and it won't. We won pennants together as players, and he helped me win one as a manager.

My order of business in 1961 was this: to get rid of the cliques (the Giants were a disorganized team in 1960, totally lacking cohesion and team unity) and some of the undisciplined conduct; to find a shortstop and a second baseman; to decide whether McCovey or Cepeda would play first base, and most of all to make everybody aware of what Willie Mays meant to the Giants.

Cepeda had been San Francisco's darling. He was an original there, a San Francisco Giant, and Mays was still regarded as a New York Giant. Cepeda was a good player and a good hitter. But he was no Willie Mays. And I am sure now I probably hurt Orlando by bringing up Mays so much, and for that I am sorry. I didn't handle Orlando very well, but I was as tough on myself as I was on anybody those early years, and if I felt a guy wasn't doing all he should it was up to me to tell him. I think now that if I'd been able to get to Orlando I wouldn't have had the problems that came up, the so-called race issues.

Cepeda and I had had a pretty serious run-in in Milwaukee one day. He was pinch-hitting, the last out of a game on national television, and he hit a ground ball, ran about 30 feet, stopped and walked back to the dugout. I didn't have much control over my tongue in those days, and I ate him out all the way from the dugout to the dressing room, and didn't let it rest there, either. I made an enemy out of Orlando that day because I showed him up in front of the other ballplayers.

When I first took over the Giants, we were in New York, going pretty good, and after one game the New York writers come in, and the late Leonard Shecter said, "What have you done to bring about this success?"

I said, "Well, the guys are just playing better. Hitting better, pitching better."

"But what have *you* done? Haven't you done anything?"

I said, "No, nothing. They're just playing better."

He said, "Well, I just got through talking to Bob Scheffing of the Tigers and he told me things he'd done to get his team going. Can't you give me some ideas?"

Now I'd know better. I've been managing enough to think up something to satisfy him, to give him a story. But I was new, and I more or less dismissed him. A few other writers were there, not wanting to miss a question someone else might ask, and we got into the subject of black managers. I said, "No, not yet. Baseball isn't ready for it."

"Why not?"

I said, "They're just not prepared. They haven't managed anyplace." We discussed it, and if I was being candid I was also being foolish because those who had sensitive ears for that sort of thing immediately read prejudice into it.

But—and this was my undoing—I said as far as running a baseball club was concerned, which implied an "intelligence" for it, I just didn't think they were ready.

Now it's three year later, 1964, midway through the season, and Stan Isaacs of Long Island's *Newsday* came to my office in San Francisco. I was surprised to see him—we weren't playing a New York team—but I liked Stan and we'd always gotten along.

"Stan," I said. "Nice to see you. What are you doing here?"

He said, "Oh, I'm on my way to the Olympic Trials in Los Angeles. I'm not working. Just thought I'd say hello and see the game."

So Stan and I visited, and it must have been a pretty good while because I remember Herman Franks was coming in and out of the office.

Stan said, "What's wrong with your ball club?"

I said, "Well, we've had a lot of injuries," which we had. An unbelievable number of injuries. "But besides that, we've had a lot of dumb base running. Man, I've never seen worse base running." And I explained what had happened a couple of days before against the Phillies when with men on first and third Del Crandall almost grounded into a triple play. That's tough to do. You almost have to plan it.

As it happened the players on base were Cepeda and Jesus Alou. It also happens that I was playing seven blacks more or less regularly that year. But when you're talking about "dumb," and some of the players involved are black, what are you saying to a guy looking for that kind of thing?

We went on, mostly about how difficult it had been to develop base-running instinct. And Stan Isaacs wrote two articles about our talk, lifting things out

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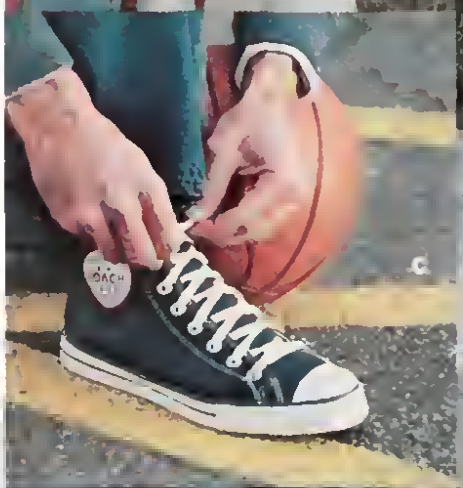

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of context, emphasizing the negatives and presenting me as a bigot When Herman Franks saw the stories he was livid He said he'd swear I never said those things

I made up my mind to sue A lawyer friend of Durocher's came to the clubhouse in Los Angeles and said he'd represent me Then I heard that, if I sued, my "personal life" would be brought up Obviously that meant Jackie

I was on my way back from winning the Baseball Players Golf Tournament in Miami in 1962, and Jackie Troy, who is now my wife, was a stewardess on the flight. I told her at the time she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen We talked It turned out she was also a lifetime baseball fan When her mother was a girl she had dated Joe DiMaggio, and because of this Jackie and her mother were Yankee fans. Throughout most of our more than two-hour conversation, Jackie was unaware of my connection with baseball. Toward the end of the flight, she said, "You know who you look like—Alvin Dark " I said I was Alvin Dark And she said, "Oh, no you're not —you have the tips of all your fingers." I lifted my sawed-off finger to her eye level

During that flight I think we both realized, without saying so, that we had fallen in love, even though she had recently been divorced and she was disillusioned with men

The next year when I was back in Miami she came out to watch the tournament and we talked again, and I asked her to dinner I had known temptation, but I had never felt like this with any other woman The feeling we had shared on the plane was obviously still there.

The next eight years were filled with confusion, heartbreak and love deeper than I ever thought was possible We struggled between our love for each other, and what the Lord would have us do, until it almost tore us apart. We knew our relationship was hurting our testimony and would eventually hurt our families, since I was still married to someone else. We were both professing Christians I felt like a hypocrite. I *was* a hypocrite. There is no other way to define it

I don't know what it is about being a Christian, about believing in the teachings and promises of Jesus Christ, that inspires so much muddled thinking And, at times, animosity The result is that

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many Christians hide their faith as if it were a social disease, trying to camouflage it. On the other hand, the Christian who speaks out is fair game for every skeptic that comes along. Example: I'm Alvin Dark, I belong to Jesus Christ. Translation: he must be Alvin Dark, the religious fanatic.

By the same token, those who are not of the Christian persuasion seem to find it very satisfying to discover flaws in the Christian's life. "Some Christian he is. Boy, look at that." The truth is, of course, we all measure short of what God wants us to be. But if being a Christian also implies doing a better job handling your life, then it's an obligation worth striving for. Just don't ever think you can do it without Christ's help.

Jackie and I were examples of how messed-up a life can become when a man says, "Thank you, God. You got me this far. I'll take it from here." I had had nothing but good things happening to me for years, and I suppose I thought everything I did was fine with Him. I pictured myself as quite a feather in the Lord's cap, and when you begin thinking that way you're in trouble.

After the pennant season of 1962 I had found it easier not to go to church. Easier not to take my Bible on road trips. Easier to jump on a player or to cuss an umpire. The first time I cussed out an umpire I was amazed at myself, and ashamed. After a while I took it as a matter of course. It got to be easy.

In 1963 Horace Stoneham called me into his office and said he knew what was going on and I would have to stop seeing Jackie. He said it didn't look good. "You can't handle your ballplayers if you can't handle yourself," he said. "You've got rules that *you* are breaking." He was right, of course. I was not much of an example. It would be like a manager who issues a no-drinking rule and then drinks heavily. An example can only be effective when you are not guilty yourself. Your actions drown out your words every time.

I can understand Mr. Stoneham's feelings. I think he always resented the fact that I wouldn't join his drinking parties—his "sitsies," he called them. I hated that kind of thing because I don't drink and I don't enjoy watching people drink. It probably didn't bother him, however, until he found out about Jackie, and then it got in his craw. Who is this Holy Joe who won't drink or curse or smoke, and now this? From then on our relationship cooled.

The only thing that could have saved my job in 1964 was a pennant. Mr. Stoneham had come out with a support statement after the racist stories. He knew I wasn't a bigot and he was trying to protect me from the label. It's not an easy one to live down, as I have discovered. If he'd fired me then and there, it would have looked bad, and I appreciate his concern.

As it turned out, we were in the race until the day before the season ended. I was fired during the sixth inning of the last game. We had lost the previous day and were out of it, and we were losing the last game. Mr. Stoneham phoned down to the dugout and said he'd like to see me in the clubhouse. I told Larry Jansen to take the team and went inside.

It was very brief.

"I've got to make a change," he said.

"It's your ball club, Mr. Stoneham," I said.

The racist issue never completely died, and probably never will. I'll take that one to my grave. Claiming I was misquoted isn't enough. *I* must have said *something* that gave Stan Isaacs that impression, and for that I am truly sorry. Inside I *know* I'm no bigot, and I leave it to God to judge me. That's His job. Jackie and I didn't marry until 1970, two years after I separated from my wife. She has lived with this thing as much as I, and is equally hurt by it. Jackie Robinson had come to my defense when the stories came out. He said, "I don't believe it. I've known Dark too many years, and I don't think he's prejudiced in any way."

Jackie—*my* Jackie—saw Robinson at the ballplayers' golf tournament the next year. As an old Yankee fan she had pretty much been taught to hate him—all Yankee fans hated Jackie Robinson in those days—but, of course, she really didn't know him. Nevertheless she went up to him at the tournament and said, "Mr. Robinson, I'm a very close friend of Alvin Dark's, and I wanted to thank you . . ." and she broke down crying.

I'm sure Robinson had no idea what she was talking about.

NEXT WEEK

In Part 2, Dark surfaces—and submerges—in K.C. and Cleveland, and rejoins the A's.

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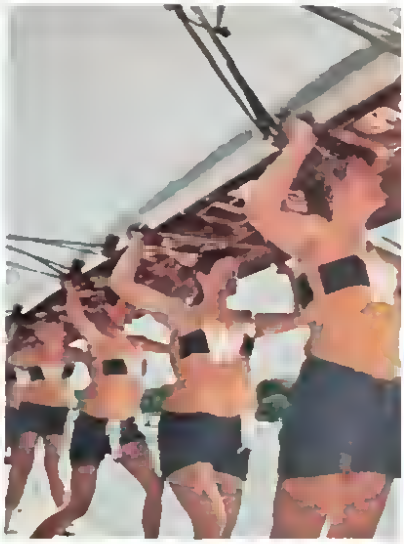

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER? PHOOEY!

In multiplying numbers, women ore leorning the jays af serious rowing—nat the summer afternaon's paddle on some limpid stream, but the spiky cold reolity af a hoothouse in the predown dork, the ache of straining agoinst the heovy sweeps ond the stress af campetitian. There are more than twice os mony women's crews now os there were two yeors ogo, ond they raw—here—caast ta coost, in the Georgian clarity of Combridge marnings, and in the low sun af Califarnio afternoons

TRY 300 SIT-UPS

In the sullen, sleepy predawn, all locker rooms are much alike: the clangor of metal doors being opened and shut, the slippery coolness of varnished wood benches, the sound of ripping adhesive tape, the pungency of liniment smoothed into yesterday's knots. There are compensations for rising in the dark and tramping through dripping rain to such a place. And they are especially savored by rowers—a shared sense of superiority to softer humans still snug under blankets, and the good, cleansing, physical tiredness that follows hard exercise.

Over the years, women have been mostly reckoned among the blanketed comfortable. But there is a new sorority of crewwomen, kin to the self-punishing oarsmen of crew tradition. They have something of the same personal desperation to excel, the same compulsion to master an arcane, taxing discipline. There are now 75 women's crews and rowing associations in the U.S., with 2,000 oarswomen and a full set of regattas and league championships. Two years ago there were 37 crews. Five years ago there were 29.

Radcliffe, the national champion, went to Moscow for the European championships last year and proved itself by finishing less than three seconds slower than the winner, with only two seniors—and five freshmen—in the boat. The 'Cliffies have trained for this season like galley slaves, rowing one or two hours a day on the Charles River last fall, two or more hours this spring, and as much time in the tank as they could scrounge during the icebound months. These are serious athletes assembling at the dingy Victorian pile of Weld Boathouse come six o'clock of a December morning. Serious, but hardly somber.

"You stay on the river until the spray freezes on your face, and the megaphone freezes on the coxswain's lips," said one Radcliffe cox. "A far cry from when I started crew. It rained one day and I called up Coach John Baker and asked, 'What do we do now?' "

"Supposedly, when the first ice forms, John gets in the launch and, with the untold advantage of *machismo*, roars around and breaks it all up," a freshman says. "When it gets worse, we put ice picks in the oarlocks. In winter we shovel the snow off the stadium steps, and *then* we run them. John keeps saying, 'You needn't run the bottom steps. They're too deep to shovel anyway.' " The 25th trip up the double steps leaves the girls with the blank eyes of the cross-country man, willing away fatigue.

The calisthenics rival the rowing as hard labor. A set of exercises consists of 50 sit-ups, 10 push-ups and "the maximum number" of chin-ups. Three sets is a typical dose.

"One day we got 300 sit-ups sprung on us," a 'Cliffie says. "We were holding our stomachs for a week."

The Radcliffe rowers are conscious of the stereotypical female athlete but scarcely hung up about it. A certain Irene Winkler—6'4", 220 pounds and a star at everything—was frequently alluded to until the right number of newcomers and outsiders had asked who she was. At an appropriately public moment, just as Baker emerges from the boathouse, the crew yelled in unison "Irene!" It is generally conceded that the high point of one article about the crew was a quote from Judy Levine: "My calluses put runs in all my stockings." Radcliffe got letters from ladies all over the country containing hints on how to stop the runs.

The scene on the Charles represents progress, undoubtedly, though Connie Cervilla's grandmother, who does *not* approve of her rowing, asked her stiffly how this "relates to your future job." At least, she didn't ask what a future husband might think.

"My grandmother is from the old country, where men were men and women were women," Connie says.

"And never the twain shall meet," someone adds.

They have a sense of humor about rowing across the country at Long Beach, too, where getting up for a workout before the eight o'clock class is not quite so arduous, and the trip to the boathouse is only a long bike ride through the cool tonic of a California morning, before the yellow smog creeps in.

Cal State at Long Beach has problems (and advantages) that Radcliffe doesn't. Although it has the fastest improving and fastest growing crew program on the Coast, Long Beach still has the pains, financial and otherwise, of a team only two years old. Having started as an auxiliary to the men's crew, the women tend to raise money by baking cakes and raffling handmade quilts. Radcliffe, by contrast, may spend as much as $40,000 on crew this year, perhaps the largest expenditure for one sport in women's intercollegiate athletics, and wouldn't dream of serving doughnuts to anyone.

"When we first came down, the guys were mostly interested in putting the make on us," Cal State's Pam Graham says. "It took a long time to get the proper respect. But now we're tight. The men do help us, and I know they took a lot from guys on other crews."

"Girls take criticism harder, or show it more," says Coach Steve Buchan. "First few weeks, they seemed depressed. But they could see how hard the men were working, and that helped. I was impressed. A couple of girls got sick, but they came back. They got cramps, but they didn't just stop. And one day, it clicked, the boat really set up and lifted out of the water."

"I remember the day we put in together," Pam Graham says. "It started with two varsity guys trashing my lawn. I said, 'I've got a better idea.' We got the women's crew and dumped stuff on the varsity coach's lawn instead. A creative trashing. Swim buoys. Telephone poles. Highway construction markers. For Rent signs. After that, we were ready."

Then there are the peculiarly California problems. "We have trouble finding girls small and light enough to be coxswains," Buchan says. "When we do find one, she gets a job as a ski instructor or skips over to the men's program. Eight of their coxes are girls now." One of them is Ann Heuser, an interior design stu-

continued

Radcliffe Coach John Baker (top) mildly exhorts his charges at calisthenics and Jennie Getsinger helps carry a shell against a dawnlit background of the Harvard Business School. At center and below, the Long Beach State eight on Alamitos Bay. Joan Lind (bottom right) is national singles champion.

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GIRLS' CREW *continued*

dent. "I was kidnapped," she says. "A guy blockaded my path and said, 'How *about going out for crew?*' " As compensation the girls' crew gets bevies of suntanned champion swimmers and volleyball players.

The miles on the water and the leg-presses aren't much fun in the short run. Nor are sit-ups, push-ups, straddle stretches, hurdle stretches, and squat jumps with 10-pound weights in each hand, but the women find a gritty satisfaction in those, too. Karen McCloskey says, "What keeps you going is thinking that *nobody else in the world could possibly be working this hard.*"

Karen, Joan Lind and Sue Kren are good samples of the Long Beach Rowing Association, an independent organization that uses the same facility as the university.

"I can never train too hard," says Joan, U.S. national singles champion and one of the best oarswomen in the world. "My body will collapse before I can harm it."

That about describes the women of the LBRA. Sue is a marathon runner who studied classical ballet four times a week for six years. Karen is a gymnastics teacher, a guitar teacher and a bravura singer. As for Joan, she integrates pleasure and pain completely. For entertainment, she bicycles 248 miles to San Diego and back, runs 10-mile races at high altitude, backpacks and skis cross-country. She holds the all-time CSULB ergometer record, for women *and* men. A favorite pastime is sandbagging unsuspecting men cycling near her home.

"She'll see someone coming and slack off a little," says her father, an old ocean and channel swimmer. (Joan's uncles were distance runners.) "Then she'll go faster and faster until they see what they're up against. Never says a word. They'll follow her home. 'Man, what's goin' on here?' they ask me. 'Who *is* this girl?' I say deadpan, 'You mean you let a girl beat you?' "

California girls they are, luxuriating in the joys of young womanhood. They lighten their labor with women's jokes—"Go comb your armpits!" and wear ribbons and makeup in practice and even in races.

But doesn't your mascara run, Joan? "We-ell. . . ."

Someone answers helpfully, "Her nickname is Mudslide."

— HAROLD PETERSON

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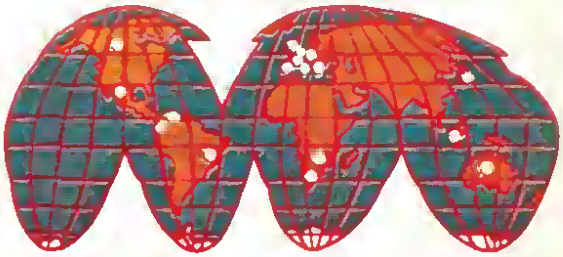

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SHORTEN THE TOUR AND IMPROVE THE GAME

The world's best golfer offers some ideas to intensify competition, gladden the hearts of sponsors and, not incidentally, upgrade the sport on an international basis

by JACK NICKLAUS

The American way of life always has been, and I hope always will be, based on competition. The growth and prosperity of the professional golf tour exemplify that system. Both the best tournaments and the best players are thriving. I anticipate some changes in the tour in the next few years, but nothing that will alter its basic, intensely competitive nature. What players draw from the tour will still be proportionate to what they put into it. The same will remain true for sponsors. Eliminate competition from the tour, via regulation or any other means, and it will die. I believe our legislators recognize that fact above all others, and that it will continue to govern their decisions.

Please understand that what I am going to say here about the future of the tour is strictly my personal view, and that my perspective is what will be good for the game of golf five, 10, 20 years from now. The long-term concepts I offer are in no way intended to downgrade the tour's existing sponsors, nor to rob the younger and less accomplished players of the chance to make a living.

The tour is extremely healthy right now, with many more would-be sponsors than available dates. I am convinced, though, that over a period of time the tour must be made shorter and more cohesive—with a definite beginning and a decisive, climactic ending. There are a number of reasons why this is important. The biggest is the physical impossibility of guaranteeing the appearance of enough top players in enough tournaments to make a 40-odd-week schedule workable from a sponsor's view. This problem becomes more acute daily as the sponsors increase the pressure on the Tournament Players' Division of the PGA and on individual players to support their events. In the '60s a $50,000 purse and another $50,000 to run the tournament allowed the sponsor to get by with a field of perhaps half of the top players. Today's pattern of $200,000 in prizes, plus that much or more for organization, is an investment that most sponsors feel can only be justified by a guaranteed 100% field—that is, all of the leading money-winners.

There are two solid reasons why the only answer to this problem is a shorter tour. First, simply playing in 40 or more 72-hole tournaments a year is beyond the mental and physical capabilities of any man whose objective is to win, rather than just to make a living from the game. Second, any outstanding performer who did attempt such a schedule would be certain to lose his competitive edge before June, thus defeating the original object of the exercise. In my own case, 13 years on tour have taught me that I can do justice to the sponsors, the fans, and to myself by playing each year in no more than 20 U.S. events, and a maximum of 25 tournaments in all. I am certain I would be a poorer performer—and, therefore, a poorer attraction for sponsors—if I entered 30 tournaments a year, and I would be ready for the funny farm long before I got to the last one. A lot of the more successful players share my attitude, even though they may not be quoted about it as often as I am. In fact, there has been a definite cut-back trend among the top 30 money-winners for years now, a trend I believe will continue even if the tour is not shortened.

Now, in that light let us study some numbers. We already have the Masters, the U.S. and British Opens, and the PGA Championship. This year we are going to have a TPD Championship over Labor Day weekend, plus three "designated" tournaments; that is, events at which the top players must participate.

In the not too distant future, should the present TPD board's provisional plans come to fruition, the leading players will receive mandates to compete in perhaps another seven designated tournaments. That would make a total of 15 musts. However, the present tour consists of 43 tournaments. Consequently, if the majority of top performers *do* feel their maximum capability is 25 events a year, the odds against each of the 28 non-designated sponsors obtaining a 100% field are very high—a tough gamble for a sponsor when one considers the stakes. More appealing, from a sponsorship viewpoint, I believe, would be the better chances offered by a 35-week schedule—which also has the merit of enabling the major tour to be contained between January and Labor Day.

Television is another factor adding strength to the shorter tour argument. Although TV income is not now as important to the tour as it once was (increases in prize money have relatively far exceeded increases in TV fees), TV exposure has become the biggest single objective and benefit of sponsoring golf. The result is that today the tour as an entity relies increasingly heavily on TV visibility. There would certainly be a tour of sorts without television, but my guess is that it would be much more similar, in purses and organizational standards, to the tour of the 1950s and early 1960s.

It has been obvious for years now that no other sport can compete with football on television during the fall. Between football and the two October weekends dominated by the World Series, I don't see any way a sponsor seeking heavy national exposure can expect to use golf (or any other sport) as a profitable promotional vehicle. I am sure most tour golfers recognize and accept this situation, and that they are thus particularly grate-

continued

ful to the sponsors of autumn events who have been part of the golf scene for years and to whom great consideration must be given in any long-term restructuring of the tour.

Another reason why the main U.S. tour needs to be condensed is the pressure being put on it by the growth of tournament golf in other countries. As an American professional golfer, my first loyalty always has been and always will be to the U.S. tour and its sponsors. As a golfer, period. I have always tried to do what I could to help the growth of the game abroad.

Until now, the demands of its own players and sponsors have forced the TPD—to my knowledge, often against its inclination—to take what might seem a cold-hearted approach to the needs and pleas of foreign tournaments. If a year-long U.S. tour were feasible, the TPD might have to maintain that posture. But if, for our own domestic reasons, we decide to restructure and shorten our tour, it would be nice if we did so in a way that contributed as much as possible to the game's growth in other countries.

Recent travels have left me with the impression that golf is growing relatively faster in some areas outside America than it is here, even though there seems to be no end in sight to the U.S. boom. For example, the European and Japanese tours have increased in stature and purse levels to such a degree that top players like Tony Jacklin and Jumbo Osaki need come to America only in search of major titles, not for competitive experience or big money. The Far Eastern, Australian-New Zealand and South African tours are also gaining. In fact, what amounts to a world tour exists right now, but is simply not labeled as such.

According to many of their leaders, all that the overseas tours need in order to become as healthy—and in some cases perhaps eventually as lucrative—as the U.S. tour is the regular participation of top American golfers. Obviously a 35-week season in this country would encourage that, while at the same time allowing at least the most important tournaments on each national tour to be scheduled on some sort of a cooperative international basis.

My arguments so far for shortening the big-event season evolve out of circumstances external to the tour itself. There are also, it seems to me, a couple of solid internal reasons why a shorter tour would be better.

In recent times, the tour has grown quantitatively—more tournaments—faster than it has qualitatively. Not that there haven't been improvements in quality. Prize money is the most obvious area, but there have been others, like the selection and condition of courses. There is no question that the courses we play today are far more challenging and much better groomed than the ones we played when I started out in 1962. Organization is another improvement, especially in the past five years.

I believe a shorter, more cohesive tour would be bound to accelerate such qualitative growth. Better fields would stimulate higher purses and demand finer courses. Higher purses and super courses would fire up competition. Fiercer competition would win more public interest and demand broader and better media coverage. In short, the tour, as the showpiece of professional golf, would become increasingly better equipped to compete for the national entertainment dollar.

Finally, in talking about the tour's future structure, my biggest hope is that the TPD Championship (which could use a more appealing name, incidentally) will one day become a true climax to the season: a sporting event as significant as the World Series and the Super Bowl. National interest in golf in recent years has seemed to taper off immediately after the last of the major championships, the PGA in August. The worst effects of this have been felt by fall tournament sponsors, some of whom inevitably have had lesser fields, smaller gates and less media coverage than earlier sponsors. I think the concept of a true season-ending championship is the Tournament Policy Board's most exciting innovation since the organization was formed in 1969. But I also think the TPD is going to have to go the same way as baseball and football before its big tournament acquires the status of any of the existing major golf championships—in other words, the TPD should stage one final big season-ending event. And we are obviously still a long way from being able to cut the tour off at that point.

On the whole, I believe pro golfers are more spoiled than any other athletes. Traditionally they have enjoyed complete independence in return for taking their chances at prize money. Fundamentally, I think they will remain independent in that they will never agree to become salaried employees of the sponsors, or to join together in teams, as tennis players are doing.

However, there comes a point when even the staunchest individualist must bend to the collective good, and I think we are approaching that now. For years sponsors have exerted amazingly little pressure on most players, considering the amount of cash and energy they invest in tour events. Now, with soaring prize money and promotional costs, the need for guaranteed strong fields is increasing and sponsors are beginning to apply serious pressure. Thus, if the tour is really going to grow and prosper, the players must become more committed to the sponsors' needs.

Consequently, in principle and as an experiment, I'm in favor of the designated tournament concept introduced by the TPD this year. Carefully used, it is a device that conceivably could lead us toward the type of tour I've described, and at the same time build a tier of major events second only to the traditional Big Four.

My objection when the idea was first introduced near the end of 1973 was not to the idea itself. What upset me was the blockbuster nature of the original approach, which was to be the introduction of 10 to 15 mandatory tournaments in 1974. My reaction was not entirely selfish, although I certainly was not ecstatic about the prospect of suddenly becoming automated. It just seemed to me that, on this scale, there was no way the idea would work because there was no way the majority of the top players would accept it. If it had been forced on them, I think the result would have been total rebellion. This would seem to have been proved at a meeting of the top 30 money-winners at the 1973 Disney tournament, where the players supported the concept, arguing only that if it were going to work it would have to happen gradually.

On this gradual basis—three mandatory tournaments in 1974, one or two more in 1975, and so on—I think the scheme would certainly work from the players' point of view. For example, by the time we get to 10 designated events,

continued

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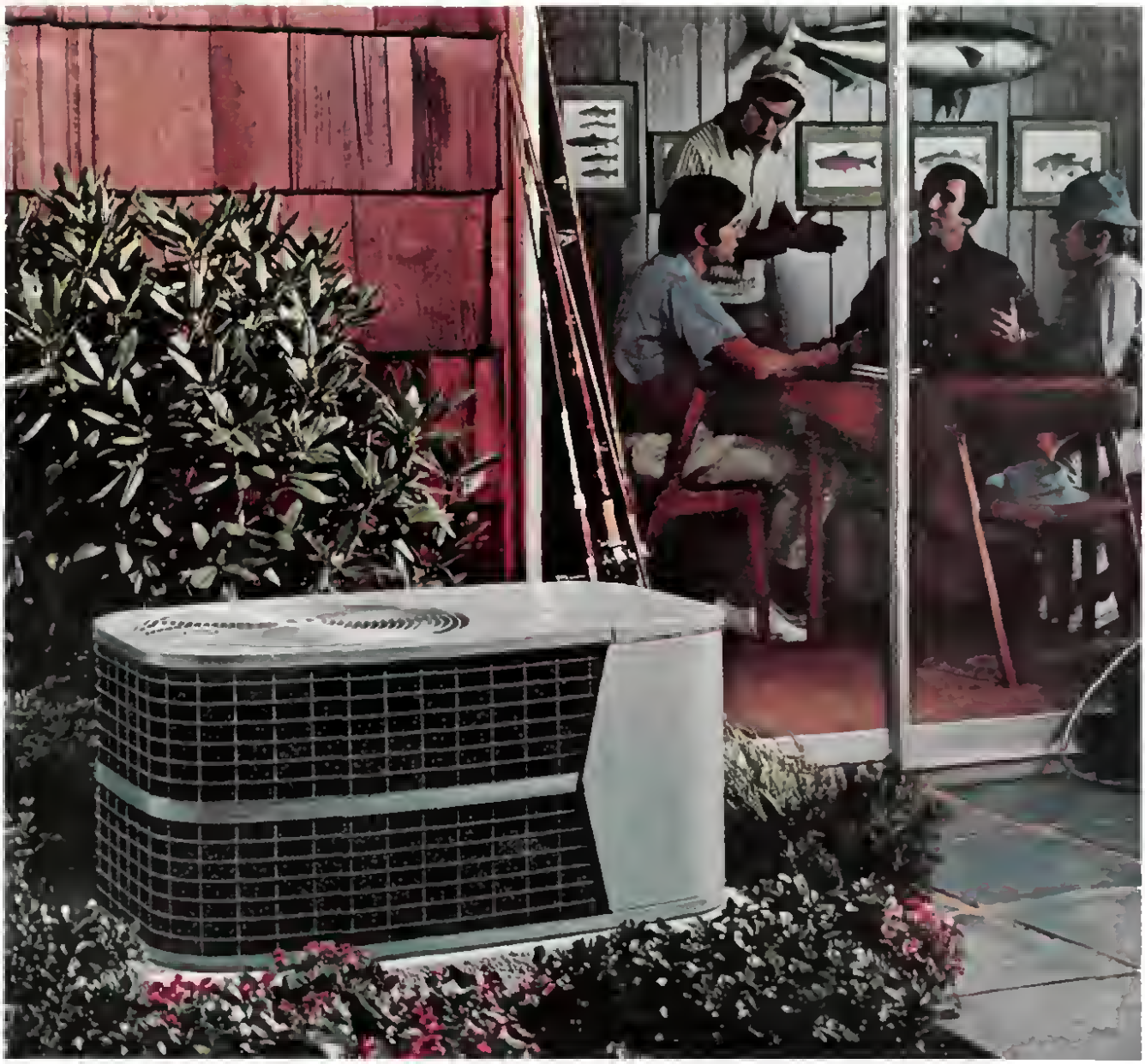

the top pros playing today would have become used to the idea of command performances and to the changes in scheduling this involved each year. The younger pros coming to the tour now would not object since they would never have known anything different.

From the sponsorship viewpoint, however, I believe the TPD is going to have to tread very gently with this concept, using it certainly this year and next very much as an exercise in market research rather than as a definite base for the long-term redesign of the tour. I foresee problems. For instance, what happens to a tournament the year after it loses its designated status? And how will all this affect sponsorship incentive? Free competition among sponsors for the best playing dates, courses and fields has been critical to the success of the tour. These and other questions must be answered before the designated concept can be regarded as the solution to a new tour structure.

The opportunity for younger and less accomplished players to make a living from the tour would not necessarily diminish if the season were shortened. If a shorter tour were also a richer tour (as I believe it would be), such golfers would have the same income opportunity as before, even though they might play less often, plus an even bigger paycheck for a week of really good scoring. And yet there is no doubt that such players might find themselves on the sidelines more often than in the past, unable to qualify for the big events.

It would soften the blow for them if there were a way to offer them extra or alternative competitive and earning opportunities. And there is a way—a second tour.

Maybe the present satellite tournaments are the answer to that. They grow ever stronger. Last year there were 26 of them, worth $321,000. Maybe the commercially motivated "mini-tours" that have been springing up all over are the answer; a lot of the players really enjoy these events when they are properly and honestly promoted. Perhaps the answer is a combination of the satellites and the mini-tours.

I am treading thin ice here because I do not have all the facts about the satellite and mini-tours, but from a distance I see a lot of similarity in them. The promotional value in both is local or regional, so that national TV or press coverage is not a sponsorship must, as it is becoming with most main tour events. Both offer a chance to profitably employ golf facilities that might otherwise be underutilized, especially during the middle of the week. Both offer the local amateur enthusiast and the general sports fan interesting golf to watch. Both offer the players solid competitive experience and earning opportunity.

Competitors on the mini-tour are actually playing for their own cash pooled in the form of entry fees. Why not, then, run a second tour on the basis that all players would put up some of their own (or their sponsors') money, to which would be added a local sponsor's contribution, plus maybe even something from the major tour?

I am sure this idea has already been examined by the TPD, and I know there would be some tough philosophical and maybe organizational problems in getting it rolling properly. But it is an idea that might be worth reconsideration since it is certainly close in spirit to what is already happening now beyond the main tour.

Occasionally around the locker room there is talk of assuring sponsors good fields by giving players guarantees, or of paying them on some sort of salary or retainer basis—or even of developing a sort of World Team Golf concept whereby groups of players would compete against each other every week as they are now doing in tennis.

If that ever happens, you can count me out. There is no way in the world I would be interested in that kind of golf tour. To me the game is competition. Put any sort of limit on that and I am going to turn into a full-time golf-course designer overnight.

It may be true that it is pretty easy for me to brush money aside now, but even at the start of my career money was not what motivated me and I have never liked all the emphasis on it in golf and other pro sports. The money mania you see today in pro sports takes a lot of the enjoyment out of them for me. You seem to hear guys talking much more than they did a few years ago about what they get paid for being on a super team, rather than about the way they and the team are going to play. Somehow, it seems to me, a lot of athletes have lost sight of the fact that there is only one valid and certain source of money in pro sports winning.

In golf, I can understand a guy who cannot really cut it on the tour dreaming of dollars and chasing down every one available to him. What gets to me are the self-admitted noncompetitors—the guys who pick up $100,000-plus a year without ever winning a tournament, and go around telling the world how happy they are to finish ninth every week. Obviously, everyone needs a paycheck, and you can't get away from the fact that money in itself is a major stimulus of public interest in pro sport. But imagine what would happen to the golf tour as a sports spectacle if everyone out there had no objective beyond dollars. I understand why the public and media show so little interest in the tour's noncompetitors, and I'm 100% behind them.

Maybe I'm too competitive. It kills me to lose at anything—tennis, bridge, even Ping-Pong with the kids. I was taught competition as a child and that is how I have lived my life, and that is what I have loved about golf. Without guys like Palmer and Player to compete against, and then Trevino and Weiskopf and others, I would have been happier selling insurance. That's why I'm so glad to see fellows like Miller and Wadkins and Crenshaw coming on strong. To me, their success represents a challenge—the stronger they play, the harder they'll make me work and the more desire I'll have to win. I enjoy that. That way I can continually set new goals for myself. That's life.

It's tough to guess your own future, but this year for the first time in maybe four or five years I have a clean sheet in terms of setting my own goals. My business affairs are in good shape, we have a new addition to the family (Michael Scott), I got a good rest last fall, I'm eager to play, my game seems pretty solid, and I'd still like to win many more major championships before my competitive golf career ends. Every year I concentrate on the four major championships, and this year I'm working toward them and thinking about them harder than every before. And the more I think about them, the more I think that some year the Grand Slam is possible. Unlikely, perhaps. But possible. **END**

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(Illustrated is a 1974 Oldsmobile Omega with bucket seats available at extra cost.)

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GM

by HAROLD PETERSON

Mary Hart, wife of **Jim Hart**, quarterback of the St. Louis Cardinals, had thought for years about what kind of birthday present she might give him when he turned the awful age of 30. A week ago she spent $125 and hired a plane with a banner to fly over Busch Stadium, where Jim and teammates were watching a baseball game. The banner said, HAPPY 30TH BIRTHDAY JIM HART. Mrs. Hart, who is 28 herself, admitted, "I just wanted to rub it in. I'm not being very nice about it. I guess by Tuesday I'll be in divorce court." Mary followed up by presenting Jim with a birthday cake decorated with black roses and the inscription, IN SYMPATHY. Her sister gave Jim a gift-wrapped bottle of Geritol. "The days have passed," said Mary, "when someone like the Avon Lady will come to the door and ask Jim if his mother's home."

Hockey players ***Phil Esposito*** and **Wayne Cashman** will never make it as spies. As cloak-and-dagger types, they're strictly from Icegate. Two years ago they were in Russia for the Team Canada hockey series, and they've never made much noise about their caper in international intrigue there. One can understand why. The episode began when the Boston Bruin duo suspected that their room was bugged. They traced the electronic listening device to a small box concealed under a rug. "We pried the top off," Esposito reports, "Wayne then loosened a couple of things inside, trying to dismantle the thing. Then we heard a tremendous crash." That was how they detected that they had cut the support for the chandelier hanging in the room below.

◆ **Duane Bobick**, the U.S. Olympic heavyweight who was expected to do well in professional boxing, has indeed won 21 consecutive matches. To celebrate his latest victory, over Lou Bailey in Norfolk, Va., Bobick dramatically stepped to the edge of the ring immediately after the bout and asked a pretty red-haired girl to climb in. She did, and Bobick made his own announcement of another ring match. This, he explained, was his wife Barbara, whom he had married secretly four days earlier. Loud applause. Clearly a knockout.

An unscheduled hurdles race saved the life of an accident victim in Mission Viejo, Calif. As **Steve Markusic** (of Tustin High School) and **Victor Tomosovik** and **Wilbert Gregory** (of Mission Viejo) were lining up for the 120-yard high hurdles in a dual meet, they saw a car careen off a nearby freeway, roll over six times and hit the athletic-field fence. The three hurdlers took off in unison, bounded over the fence and pulled **Donald O. Knutson**, 23, from the flaming wreckage.

Howard Cosell told Annapolis midshipmen that he was considering running against **Senator James Buckley** of New York in 1976 because "there are not 10 people in the United States better qualified to run for the Senate than Howard Cosell." The best reaction to that now-infamous remark was Buckley's. Reached for his comment on Humble Howard's plans, Buckley said, "I'd like to see the other nine people on his list."

● During the Family Circle tennis tournament for women at the Sea Pines Tennis Club in South Carolina, someone was inspired to dress **Chris Evert** in an 1874 tennis costume. The idea was to dramatize the ceremony honoring Mary Ewing Outerbridge, who brought tennis to the U.S. 100 years ago. It certainly succeeded in that. "I'd hate to play Rosie or Billie Jean in this gear," said Chris as her mother fussed with her bustle.

It's not sex that saps physical strength but the running after it, according to research by **Manfred Steinbach**, professor of sports medicine at the University of Mainz in West Germany and a 1960 Olympic long jumper. "The 19th-century theory that hard sport and a cold shower quenched shameful sexual urges certainly doesn't seem to apply in the 1970s," says Steinbach, who made a survey of 800 sportsmen and women at the Olympic Games in Munich. "And coaches who think they can improve their protégés' sporting achievements by banishing them from the boudoir are wasting their time. If an athlete does feel substandard, it is not sex that has sapped his strength. It is the attendant frivolities such as drinking, dancing and dashing around until the early hours of the morning."

●

Jimmie McCullough of Atlantic City, N.J. hasn't missed attending a World Series game for 48 years. You might say he is a baseball fan. Accordingly, when he became the grandfather of twins on the very day that **Henry Aaron** hit his 715th home run, Grandpa was overjoyed. He told his son, Jimmie Jr., that if he named the boys Henry and Aaron, he'd give each of them a $715 bank account and add $10 for every subsequent homer. But there is a limit to how deep baseball runs in the McCullough family. Jimmie Jr. named the infants William and George.

For years **Bruce Gossett**, the 49er field-goal kicker, has been getting it from all sides about the eventual demise of the straight-on placekicker, he being one of that vanishing breed. Now Gossett has just been hired as color commentator for radio broadcasts of the games of the San Jose Earthquakes in the North American Soccer League. Asked how he obtained *that* job, Gossett replied, "I guess I've seen enough soccer-style kickers in the last 11 years."

◆

Boog is here to tell the world he feels just as strong as ever, but

The ball's going pffft

In the good old days—like four years ago—Boog Powell would sight the baseball, take a swipe at it and, depending upon the month, pop the ball either nine feet or nine miles. During the Aprils and Mays it was usually the former. But later his hits would rattle off the fences or up in the cheap seats as Baltimore Oriole teammates scurried across the plate and the big first baseman produced another 100 RBI season.

In Baltimore you could look at your thermometer and know when Powell would start hitting. That would be when the weather was such that you would swear they had left the doors open on the huge blast furnaces down at the Bethlehem steel plant on Sparrows Point. Either way, slumping or hitting, Powell was always the same, calm almost to the point of lethargy. "I'm just up there swinging the bat," he would say. "If I hit it, good. If not, tomorrow's another day."

But now it is tomorrow and the hits aren't coming regularly anymore, not even when it is hot enough to boil crabs in Chesapeake Bay. It has been this way for a couple of years, a lot of tomorrows. And it is beginning to work on the man. "The reason I've never worried before is it didn't do any good," Boog says. "For the first time in my life I'm a little shook. I'm pressing. I look at myself and I say, 'Hey, I'm 32, I can't be all done, like I've been hearing and reading. The club shops around and . . . well, who the hell wants me?"

Boog *looks* the same as he did a decade ago, maybe a little more streamlined. The stride and swing are the same, both starting deep in the lefthanded batter's box and sweeping forward like a mighty wave about to crash onshore. But the ball just doesn't seem to do the things it used to. From career highs of 39 homers in 1964 and 121 RBIs in 1969 Powell fell to 11 and 54 last season. He did not even make the Opening Day lineup this season, breaking a string of a dozen, and all winter the club tried to unload him via trade or sale.

Powell had been through bad times before—in 1967 when he had 13 homers and 55 RBIs, as the Birds descended from the world championship to a sixth-place tie with a team that used to hang around in Washington. But that was at age 26. There was no talk of his being finished then. And he bounced back, averaging 29 homers and 103 RBIs the next four seasons, being named the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1970 and getting jobbed out of it another year.

"I think that Boog might be to the point where he has to get it into his head he's not as strong as he used to be," says teammate Brooks Robinson. "He might be, but there's a chance he isn't. The ball just doesn't seem to take off from his bat like it used to."

Says Powell, "I feel as strong as ever. But last year I began asking myself if I had lost something. I'd see a ball I should drive six miles, and I wouldn't."

True, he had a shoulder injury. "Last August I couldn't lift my arm above my shoulder," he says. "None of it was in my head. This was for real." Treatment in the off-season healed the shoulder, but this year he developed a strange pain in the right biceps and played in only half of Baltimore's first 20 games.

All along Manager Earl Weaver had been saying first base was Powell's to lose, but when he was not in the Opening Day lineup, and did not appear at all in a doubleheader two days later, it seemed Boog might lose his job the way Sonny Liston lost his heavyweight title, seated.

Maybe his injuries—to hip, to wrist, to shoulder, to wrist again, etc.—have not been viewed as seriously as they might have been, because a big guy is not supposed to get hurt. He is supposed to be able to take anything.

"I know what I have to do," he says, "because I've been around 12 years and I'm making good dough. Nobody has to tell me. But if I have to prove myself like some rookie in the early part of the season, I'm under a serious handicap. I'd just like to end up May with a streak so things aren't too embarrassing after the first 100 at bats."

Meanwhile the farm system is pushing people up. "Sure, they're coming," Powell admits. "You expect that. When you start out, you look at a guy who's been around four years and you say, 'Boy, it would be nice to make it that far.' Then four years go by. Then seven. Then 10. For me it's 12 already. But there's more there. I tell myself I can't be done at 32—not with no physical problems to speak of. It doesn't seem possible.

"One good year turns it all around. Then everyone can go back to neglecting me, like they used to."

THE WEEK

(April 28-May 4)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL EAST "Sometimes my corns shoot pains through my feet so bad I have to wince," said Charlie Spikes, one of five former Yankees who helped the Indians build a 4-1 week that got them out of the cellar. Hurting but hammering, Spikes ran his hitting streak to 19 games before being stopped. Former Yankee John Ellis hit .350 and three pitchers obtained from New York also chipped in. Fred Beene

continued

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hurled scoreless relief to protect Fritz Peterson's first win of the season, over Minnesota, while Steve Kline also halted the Twins. Other contributors were Gaylord Perry, twice a winner; hard-hitting Oscar Gamble (.400) and George Hendrick (10 RBIs).

As the Indians ascended so did their recent trading partners, the Yankees—to first place. Ron Blomberg went 8 for 14 with four doubles, three homers and eight RBIs. Doc Medich won twice and Sparky Lyle picked up three saves, twice pitching to just one batter to seal 4–3 wins over the A's. Lyle also saved a 5–4 game after Joe Hoerner of the Royals hit two batters with consecutive pitches to force in the winning run.

Detroit leapfrogged from fifth place to second as Reliever John Hiller preserved wins for Joe Coleman and Bill Slayback. Willie Horton provided much of the offense, driving in seven runs and scoring seven.

Milwaukee, Baltimore and Boston were all 1-4. The Brewers lost by margins small (6–5 to the Twins) and large (10–3 to the White Sox), coming out on top only when Jim Slaton withstood 11 hits to down Texas 11–3.

In two losses to Chicago and two to the Angels the Orioles batted only .178 and had only four extra-base hits. The lowlight of their nonproductivity was a 31-inning scoreless streak.

The principal Red Sox woes: 1) Second Baseman Doug Griffin was hit by a Nolan Ryan pitch, suffered a concussion and was placed on the disabled list, 2) subbing for him, Rick Burleson tied an AL record by making three errors in his first big-league game. Those increased the Sox error total to 30 in 24 games; 3) Manager Darrell Johnson was mugged in his Boston hotel room.

NY 15-11 DET 12-11 BALT 11-11
MIL 10-10 CLEV 11-12 BOS 10-14

AL WEST "It got embarrassing over the winter when I had to tell people I played for the Rangers," said Dave Nelson. "The first thing they did was laugh." Nelson may laugh last; the Rangers' 3-2 week kept them atop the West. Most notable among the Texas merrymakers were Ferguson Jenkins, whose two wins gave him a 6-1 record; Cesar Tovar, who batted .444 and hit a three-run homer against the Brewers; and Jim Spencer, who batted .333 and drove in the winning run in Jenkins' 1–0 victory over Boston.

California won five of six, with Denny Doyle hitting .440, Tom McCraw .556 and Bill Singer winning twice. It was a memorable week for McCraw, who matched his entire 1973 homer output: three.

Chicago Manager Chuck Tanner took advantage of an off day to go home to New Castle, Pa., there to contemplate his team's 7-11 record. He reported no miracle but upon his return the Sox won four straight. Tanner shuddered when Ron Santo flubbed a bunt attempt against the Orioles. The quake was premature. Santo hit a two-run homer two swings later to beat Baltimore 2–1.

"We tied all the strings together," said Tony Oliva after the Twins beat the Tigers 10–0 to conclude a 2-3 week. Bert Blyleven pitched the shutout and Rod Carew, with three hits in that game, batted .500 and took the league lead with .408.

Noting his team's 8-9 record, Pitcher Al Fitzmorris predicted that the Royals would take 19 of their next 23 games. K.C. disobligingly lost five in a row. Then came Saturday and a 5–1 drubbing of the Yankees, the Royals' fifth consecutive Saturday triumph.

There was so much grumbling among the A's it seemed they would surely bust out of their slump. Among the disgruntlements was a Charlie Finley economy measure that the players felt wasn't worth a lick. Finley decreed that henceforth the A's would pay their own postage when answering fan mail. When Vida Blue slumped last season, Reggie Jackson said his fastball was "on vacation." Blue, his fastball still away, lost to Cleveland 8–2, leaving him with an 0-4 record and a 5.18 ERA. The A's won just once in five tries.

TEX 14-9 CAL 14-11 CHI 11-11
OAK 11-12 MINN 10-12 KC 9-14

NL WEST After their runaway start the Dodgers slowed a bit, playing mere .500 ball as two outstanding pitchers, Tommy John and Don Sutton, were drubbed by the Mets and Phillies, respectively but respectfully. Making up the most ground on L.A. were the Astros, who took three games from the Cubs and two from the Cardinals while losing only once, but Houston had a bad scare. Shortstop Roger Metzger collided with Don Wilson while running laps in the outfield and swallowed his tongue. Teammates Doug Rader and John Edwards pried it out, saving him from grave consequences.

While Sparky Anderson kept insisting his Reds are the finest team he has ever managed, they kept losing. Last week Cincinnati was 1-3, stranding 13 runners during a particularly dispiriting 3–2 loss to the Cubs.

In Atlanta it was suggested that the ball park be renamed Henry Aaron Stadium, but local law precludes bestowing such honors on the living, even if they're immortal. As for the Braves, fans were calling *them* names after they lost four of five games.

Miseries accumulated for the Giants, the most miserable coming when John D'Acquisto walked five men in one inning. However, they did win a game, scoring nine times in one inning while beating the Phillies 13–8.

"If I didn't know better, I would think I was in some other city," said Expo Manager Gene Mauch of the newly enthusiastic fans in San Diego. What they were cheering was a winning week for the Padres, who wound up a 7-1 home stand by downing Montreal 5–1 on Dave Freisleben's second straight four-hitter.

LA 18-8 HOUS 17-10 CIN 11-11
SF 12-13 ATL 12-14 SD 11-15

NL EAST Philadelphia thrived on the unexpected. For the first time in 678 at bats Shortstop Larry Bowa hit a ball out of a ball park—Candlestick Park, let history note—thereby beating the Giants 6–5. Eddie Watt, unprepossessing possessor of a 7.00 ERA, was somewhat reluctantly called upon to try to save a 2–1 game against the Dodgers. Watt loaded the bases in the ninth. Then with two out and a 2-2 count on Jim Wynn, he hung a slider. "It was saying, 'Kiss me,'" Phillie Manager Danny Ozark said of the pitch. But Wynn was so surprised by it that he swung and got a miss and the Phillies won again. Third Baseman Mike Schmidt's .474 batting average didn't hurt, either, in a 3-2 week.

After flubbing a chance to tie or win one game, John Milner of the Mets came back the next day with a two-run double in the ninth for an 8–7 defeat of the Dodgers. Jon Matlack was generously supported by a pair of home runs in each of his two triumphs. Tom Seaver should have been so fortunate. He struck out 16 Dodgers in 12 innings before being removed from a game the Mets eventually lost 2–1.

Dock Ellis of the Pirates began a game by hitting the first three men he faced and throwing six balls in a row before being lifted. The Pirates went on to outhit the Reds 12–6—base, not torso, hits, that is—yet lost 5–3. Nevertheless, the Pirates had their best week so far (3-1) and got complete-game wins from Jerry Reuss and Jim Rooker.

An assortment of odd injuries has plagued the Cardinals. Sonny Siebert hurt his foot when he stepped on a rake. Tim McCarver got a bruised thumb from shaking hands with teammate Bake McBride. Pete Richert hurt his shoulder when he fell off the team bus. Now for the good news: Bob Gibson won his first game.

Although hitting poorly, Montreal clung to first place. The Expos ended a six-game losing streak by dropping three on the West Coast, then returned to friendly Jarry Park. With the temperature in the 40s and winds of 30 mph, they blew past the Giants 4–2.

The Cubs, too, were delighted to get home. They eased the pains of a 2-9 road trip by defeating the Reds 6–5 on a ninth-inning home run by Rick Monday and 3–2 on an 11th-inning homer by Billy Williams.

MONT 10-9 ST. L 13-12 PHIL 12-12
CHI 9-12 NY 9-14 PITT 8-13

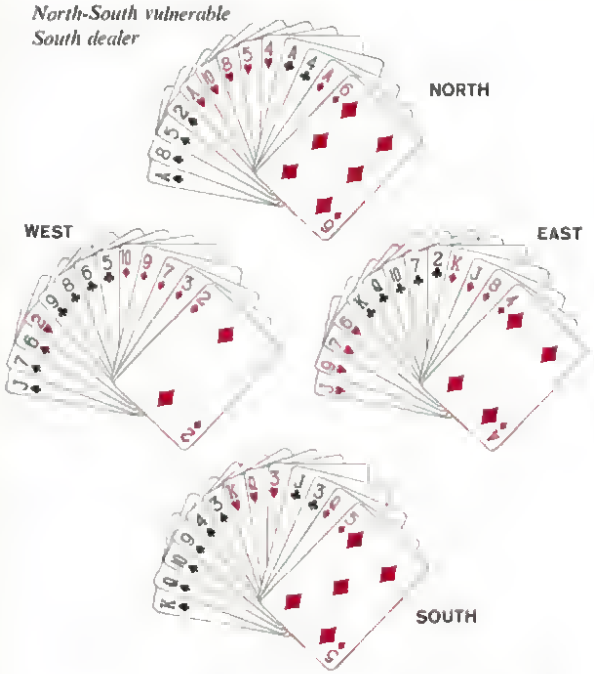
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Playing the Vienna is in no way a waltz

The Vienna Coup may sound like a political upheaval, but it is a bridge maneuver whereby a defender's hand is squeezed and his apparent winners ground up like the meat in a wiener sausage.

The first recorded example of the play dates back to 1864 and the game of whist, the grandfather of contract bridge. As a challenge, a leading Viennese expert of the time laid out a hand at double dummy—cards face up—and announced that he would make all 13 tricks. This appeared to be so obvious an impossibility that large bets were placed against him, but the expert proceeded to fulfill his boast by a method that seemed at first to *reduce* his chances. He cashed an ace, deliberately establishing the king in an opponent's hand. This, however, set up a position in which the opponent could not keep his king without giving up control of another suit. Indeed, the Vienna Coup is not a simple play to execute, but here is a more recent bridge hand, taken from a team match, in which it became virtually automatic.

North-South vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	3♥	4♣
4♥	5♣	6♣	7♣
DOUBLE	PASS	7♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead 10 of diamonds

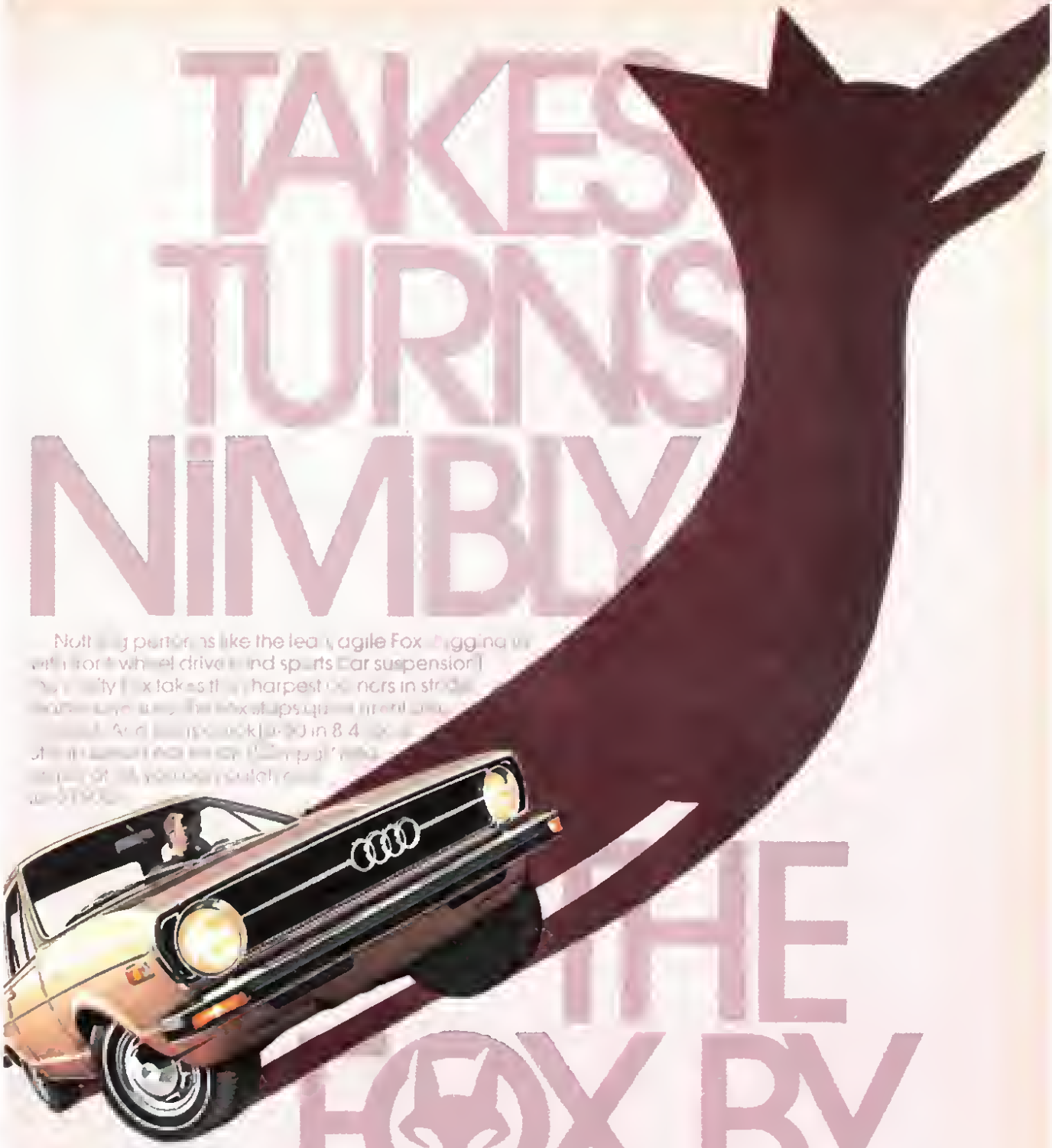
South's double of East's obvious sacrifice bid of seven clubs was a conventional warning to his partner. A pass would have been forcing, suggesting that South had first-round control of clubs and was therefore willing to hear North bid a grand slam. But North had reason to believe that his side had not enjoyed the best of the early going and estimated that his team could not win the match by collecting a few hundred points in penalties when at least a small slam would surely be bid and made at the other table. So he went for broke and removed the double to seven spades. His partner's play made the gamble pay off.

West's opening lead of the diamond 10 made it apparent that East held the diamond king, so declarer went up with dummy's ace. He could see that if the heart suit produced five tricks he would be able to discard both of his minor-suit losers. As you can see, the heart suit did not break, but declarer's play of the diamond ace proved to be the first stage of a *double* Vienna Coup—a play that, by definition, establishes an adversary's card as the highest outstanding in a suit, then squeezes him out of it.

The ace, king and queen of spades were required to draw West's trumps, while East discarded three clubs. Then South tackled the heart suit by cashing the king and queen and on the second round got the bad news that the suit would not run. Declarer could still establish dummy's fifth heart by *ruffing*, but this would leave him one trick short. Nor would an ordinary squeeze work, because if South cashes all six of his spades, he no longer has a reentry to his hand and East can maneuver to win a trick.

But observe what happens when declarer doubles his Vienna Coup by next cashing dummy's ace of clubs, then returning to his hand by overtaking dummy's 8 of spades to run the remaining trumps. On the lead of the last spade, declarer comes down to the ace-10-8 of hearts in dummy opposite the heart 3, the diamond queen and the club jack in his hand, and East's hand goes through the grinder. He must make a discard from the jack-9 of hearts, the king of diamonds and the king of clubs. If he lets go a heart, dummy's suit will take the last three tricks. If he discards either the diamond king or the club king, South merely cashes his now-established minor-suit winner to turn the grinder once again. No matter what East discards this time, declarer will take the 13th trick with his other minor-suit card or with dummy's long heart. **END**

TAKES TURNS NIMBLY



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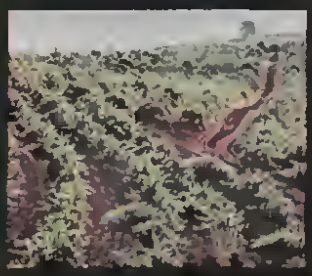

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YESTERDAY

It Takes a Little Distance . . .

. . . and a certain amount of time to lend true enchantment to memories of what went into preparing an old-fashioned tennis court for play

There has been a lot of chatter lately about the surfaces upon which sports are played, and it sometimes leads me to wonder just how the Davis Cup, for example, would have worked out had it ever been contested on my grandmother's tennis court in St. Louis. Built in the teens of this century, it was the snappiest thing in all-weather courts. It was made of gravel. The theory behind this, which made sense to me at the time, was that maintenance would be so simple. My father and uncle said so, as they discussed getting it into shape and teaching their offspring how to play tennis upon it. As seemed to be usual with adults, they directed operations while my sister and I, with our cousins Jim and Joe, pulled the weeds, father and uncle having come fortified for the ordeal with tall, frosted glasses.

There were several weekends of this, as the court was a jungle of weeds apparently thriving essentially on rocks. Beneath the gravel lay only a thin layer of soil, with large stones as a bed, supposedly for drainage, and a yank at some 98-pound weakling of a weed usually produced its friend the rock clutched in its roots. The result of our efforts was thus a cratered and pockmarked court requiring careful reburial of a lot of stones followed by the sweeping of dirt and gravel back into place with what were, by this time, grubby and rather sore little paws. Despite our modest protests that this surface was quite good enough for us, and we were ready and eager to play upon it, we would still have to go over the court with a bamboo rake and then a roller produced from the garage—rusty, but unfortunately still usable.

This program was the rite of spring for about 10 years, and the novelty of it soon wore off. The four of us were driven to the most extreme cunning to either duck the drudgery or Tom-Sawyer an innocent friend into it.

There was one chore we really did not mind. This was filling the marker with lime and tracing the lines, the lime at first rushing out in thick spurts, then making thinner and dimmer lines as the marker emptied. The result, depending on where you were playing (we *did* ultimately get to play), was that either puffs of white powder would dance at the touch of ball or foot, or you squinted down the court trying to find the baseline. But such subtle refinements were not an important part of our game. We were too busy making futile attempts to push back the rambler roses adorning the chicken wire stretched between the four-by-fours that enclosed the court. When the court was marked for doubles, those roses were a menace. There was only a foot between the sidelines and the flower-festooned wire, and anyone running for a ball near the line ended up tangled in thorns. After a session of play, participants looked more like survivors of some fearful disaster than competitors in a so-called friendly game, with bloody scratches on the arms and legs protruding from their shredded tennis dresses and torn shirts and shorts. My grandmother's was probably the only tennis court in the U.S. that needed a permanent first-aid station. If the roses didn't get you, the gravel would. Many a time-out was called while someone retired to the house to pick pebbles from knees, elbows or the palms of hands. Oh, that sting of alcohol. Oh, to have had stock in Band-Aids!

Still, possibly because we were not often spoiled by a chance to play elsewhere, we loved it. After a hard-fought session in the St. Louis heat we would flop on the grass behind the court under the apple trees and cool off, or go to the house for lemonade and find, carefully hidden behind the cookie jar, some forbidden cigarettes. We never dared to smoke inside. We would make our way to the edge of the property, between the trees and the grape arbor, for our secret puffs. Refreshed, we could return to play, with no crowds to wait for and no critical spectators, except perhaps for the small children of the neighborhood or the elderly Irish priest from the parish, who was in the habit of taking his daily walk past my grandmother's. He usually paused to watch, and would walk away shaking his head. We never knew if this was a comment on our game or our attire. I expect he didn't approve of either. Our clothes were the standard summer wear of the time, but "standard" was not quite the word for our game.

One reason for the latter was the fact that although the ground had been "leveled," at one end of the court there was a small grassy hill. The player there had a wonderful advantage—on lobs, he ran up the hill and could send back a terrific overhead smash. When I was playing with my sister and I had the hill, she would simply throw down her racket at that point, put her hands over her head and wait. I did the same when I was on the receiving end.

We finally got used to the erratic bounce of balls off gravel, but the years went by and the court became barer and barer as storms washed the surface away. Now the balls were sliding strangely on the muddy underspill, and the bedrocks seemed to grow, sometimes overnight. Slyly, they would stick up sharp points, suitable for tripping over; if the ball happened to hit one, it would rocket off in a direction equally unexpected by server and receiver. And the roses were winning. They came to form a sort of overhanging eave, waiting to gobble up any wild shot, often refusing to disgorge their prey even to thrown rackets and fierce shakings of the four-by-fours.

My sister was by this time going out with the man she was eventually to marry, and after a few attempts at tennis at grandmother's, Ken led her off to the well-tended courts of Forest Park; the gravel, what was left of it, saw them no more. Perhaps they did have to wait in line at Forest Park, they explained, but there at least they were reasonably sure where a ball would go when they hit it. As for me, I had begun spending my summers with horses, and my cousins had dropped by the wayside. The court was virtually abandoned.

One spring day in 1945 my Aunt Helen went out and had a look at it. The four-by-fours were sagging, wavering back and forth in a tired serpentine, and the weeds were more vigorous than they had ever been. What she had on her hands, she realized, was a sporting slum. In a few weeks the court was demolished, the gravel sodded over and the area turned into—what else?—a rose garden.

—ALICE HIGGINS

At home away from home

Transplanted Florida largemouth bass thrive in California, where competitive anglers vie for a world record—plus fame and riches

Directly across from the public launching ramp at Lower Otay Lake in San Diego County, Calif. there is a small inlet called Bushlow Cove. At the northernmost tip of this cove the rocky bottom slopes into the lake and then suddenly drops off to a depth of 35 feet. This drop-off marks the steep canyon of the now submerged Otay River, dammed 55 years ago as a reservoir. Here, somewhere among the deep caverns on the old canyon walls, swims an enormous largemouth bass, unaware that it is a world-record fish.

The whereabouts of this fish is not a wild guess but the carefully calculated judgment of Orville P. Ball, the biologist responsible for the introduction of the Florida largemouth bass into California waters. The current world-record largemouth is a 22-pound four-ounce fish caught by the late George W. Perry in Montgomery Lake, Ga. in 1932, and in recent years the only fish that have begun to approach the record have been Florida largemouth taken from Lower Otay Lake and seven nearby reservoirs.

On June 23 of last year Dave Zimmerlee of San Diego dropped a night crawler in front of a huge bass swimming near the surface of Lake Miramar, and the captured fish weighed in at 20 pounds 15 ounces. Orville Ball calculates that there are probably a dozen bass at least that big, and there may be one topping 23 pounds. Whatever the weight of the bass that breaks Perry's record, it should be worth at least $25,000 in endorsements to the angler who catches it. The Bass Anglers Sportsman Society might bid as much as $10,000 for the carcass alone so the fish can be mounted (Perry *ate* his), and Dave Newton of BASS says, "No fish in history is going to get more publicity. Everything in that boat—anchor, depth finder, rod, seat cushions—is going to be worth something for endorsements. Even what *kind* of socks the *guy* is wearing will be worth a lot."

Until 1949 no one knew for certain that the Florida largemouth bass was any different from the largemouth bass found in the rest of the U.S., except that they grew bigger. The theory was that the fish reached obesity because they could eat all year round in the balmy Florida environment. In 1949 Drs. Reeve Bailey of the University of Michigan and Carl Hubbs of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography published a study in which they announced that the Florida largemouth was really a distinct subspecies. They recognized the fish as *Micropterus salmoides floridanus*, while the largemouth found elsewhere was designated the northern largemouth, *Micropterus salmoides salmoides*. One discernible difference is that the Florida largemouth has smaller scales than the northern largemouth. Bailey and Hubbs also expressed the opinion, worded with proper scientific caution, that "it seems probable that the large growth potential [of the Florida largemouth] has in part a genetic basis." By studying the scales of bass in the south, they were also able to note where the Florida largemouth had ranged north and mated with the northern largemouth, and conversely were able to pinpoint parts of Florida where the subspecies strain was pure. According to their reasoning, the Florida largemouth probably evolved in interglacial periods when the peninsula was either partially or completely isolated from the North American mainland.

Heady stuff, but bass fishermen made no use of it until one afternoon in the fall of 1958 when Biologist Ball was out fishing with a couple of friends, Ray Boone, first baseman for the Detroit Tigers, and Rolla Williams, outdoor columnist for *The San Diego Union*. Ball was then superintendent of lakes for San Diego, and during the course of the fishing Boone remarked that he impatiently waited for spring training to start so that he again could cast a plug for the monstrous Florida bass. Boone paused a minute and then said to Ball, "Orville, why can't you get some of those big Florida bass out here?"

Prompted by Boone, Ball checked into the possibilities. The California Department of Fish and Game was skeptical but changed its opinion after Dr. Hubbs argued that stocking of Florida largemouth in a specially treated San Diego lake would be a worthwhile experiment to test the idea that the bass were genetically endowed to grow to large size. Upper Otay Lake was treated with chemicals to remove all fish life, and on May 7, 1959 a California Fish and Game plane flew in from Pensacola with 20,400 fry. To all but the handful of onlookers the brief stocking ceremony of the inch-long bass went unnoticed, but for Orville Ball the event was as momentous as the driving of the Golden Spike.

Over the course of the next few years, bass were removed from Upper Otay Lake and stocked in the other San Diego reservoirs. They ate threadfin shad, an ideal forage fish, when it was available. Yet for all the shad, state biologists who were watching the lakes were not

continued

ZIMMERLEE'S BASS WAS A SHADE SHY

impressed with the growth rate of the bass. In 1961 a state biologist made the judgment that "all indications to this date are that environment and not heredity is the important factor in maximum size and growth rate of the Florida largemouth bass." The biologist was premature and wrong, but a lot of fishermen apparently believed him because the San Diego lakes were lightly fished.

Meanwhile, some of the bass just kept on growing, growing and growing. As the bass grew, so did the ranks of bass fishermen in California and the rest of the U.S. Thanks to tournaments, highly sophisticated equipment and techniques were developed and publicized, and thousands of previously uninformed fishermen began to talk knowingly of structure, cover and migration routes. By state law, fishing tournaments offering more than $200 are illegal in California, and so for many anglers with a new knowledge and a competitive urge the game began to see who could catch the biggest bass on his own hook.

In 1969 the San Diego reservoirs suddenly exploded on the scene. Out of Lake Miramar an angler took a 15-pound four-ounce Florida largemouth, a California record. Not bad for a 10-year-old fish, and it is said that the Florida bass may live to be 15 or 16.

The next year two bizarre events occurred that drew the record shooters to the San Diego lakes. The first was a man from San Diego confessing to having poached a 15-pound 7¾-ounce bass out of Lower Otay. The second was a marina tender at Lake Wohlford scooping a dead bass off the surface that tipped the scales at 16 pounds 15 ounces.

In 1971 a new state record was legally set when Randall Danio of Poway caught a 16-pound 11-ounce Florida bass from Lake Miramar. This record was broken in 1972 when James A. Bates of Chula Vista caught a 17-pound 14-ounce bass from Lake Murray. And the record was broken again last June with Zimmerlee's potbellied 20-pound 15-ounce monster.

This year the top fish should smash the world record. Everyone has his favorite spot to try. California Fish and Game Biologist Larry Bottroff disagrees with Ball on where the record breaker lurks. Bottroff favors Miramar because the big bass there gorge themselves on trout stocked for a put-and-take fishery. Some anglers seeking the record fish use live bait because the Florida largemouth is a far warier fish than the northern largemouth. Other anglers stick to lures because the manufacturer of the plug, spoon, spinner or plastic worm that takes the record bass is likely to pay a small fortune for the endorsement. The number of fishermen on the lakes has almost doubled in the last few years, and a number of local anglers who fish for pleasure are bitter about the hordes who see the record bass in terms of dollar signs.

As one oldtime angler at Lower Otay Lake said recently, "Why doesn't someone just drain this damn reservoir and let one of those bastards walk out there, claim his $1,000-per-pound fish and go home?" **END**

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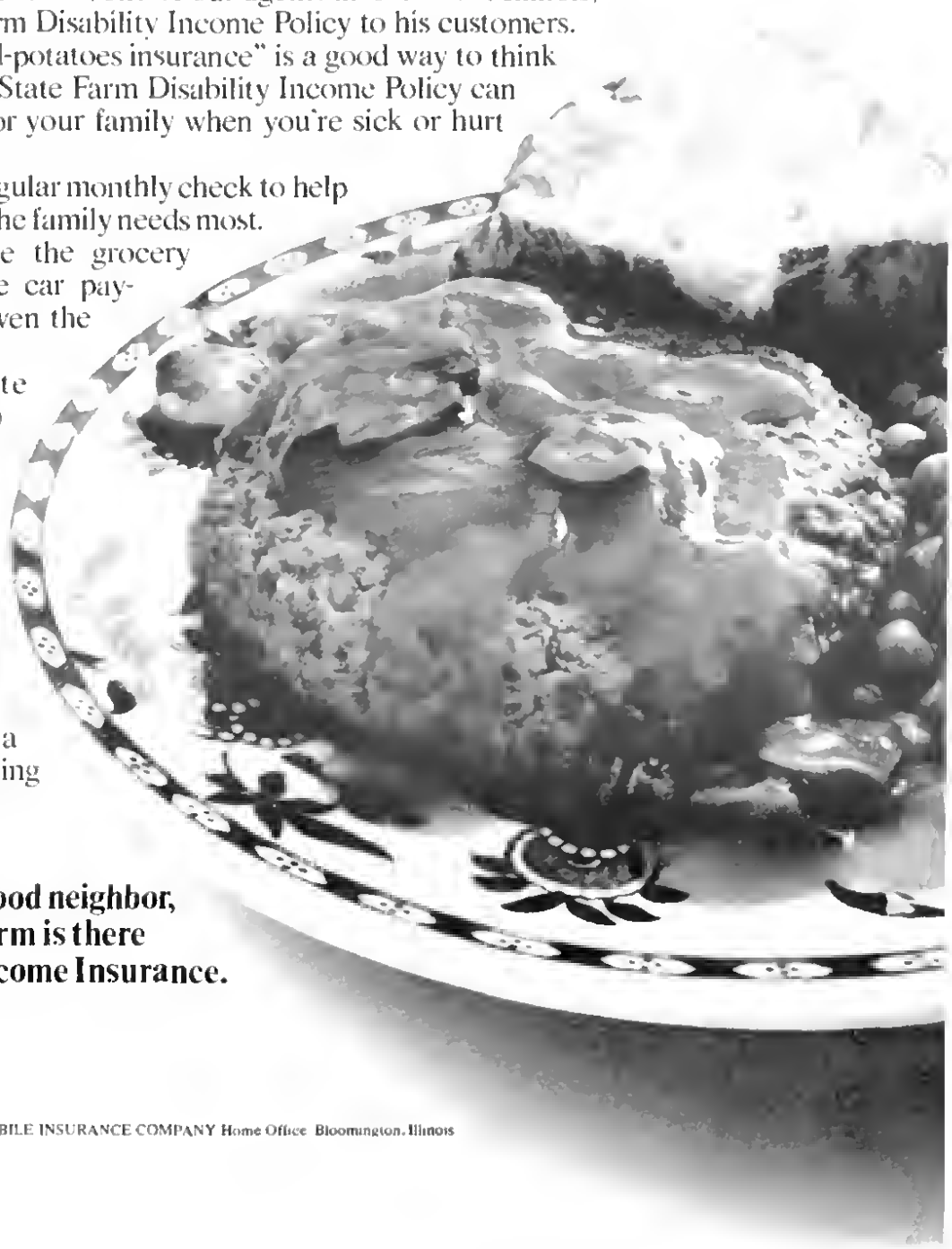

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Where a cup is bigger than a stein

If you think the Super Bowl is heady stuff, the final round of the World Cup, which begins in West Germany next month, will be viewed on TV by some 800 million fans, and it may be that a home-team victory is on tap

GERD MULLER (MUSTACHE), ALIAS DER BOMBER, HEADS THE BALL AGAINST SWEDEN

Bitter cold rain from the North Sea comes swirling down the Elbe estuary, filling every cranny of the Volkspark Stadium in Hamburg, the floodlights ablaze even at 4 p.m. on this dismal May afternoon. Red and yellow slickers stand out brilliantly against the dark mass of the crowd of 55,000, repeating the black, red and gold of thousands of *Bundesrepublik* flags. A cacophony of hunting horns greets West Germany's soccer team as it runs out to meet Sweden in the last match of its program of warmup games before the World Cup. This event will reach its climax in Munich on July 7, when the final is played before 74,200 spectators at the Olympia Stadium and relayed to 800 million television viewers—the greatest number of people to witness a sporting event in history.

Now, at Hamburg, in the section of the stands reserved for honored guests, there is at least one man whose foremost worry is not the performance of the West German team but 80 buses. Is the *Bundeswehr*, the West German army, going to lend them to him or not? And the 80 drivers? "It's not the big things that worry me," says Hermann Joch, "but the little details." Eighty buses and 80 drivers are, in fact, minor concerns when over the last year or two you have spent about $100 million refurbishing the nine stadiums where the 38 World Cup matches will be played. Herr Joch, small, neat and roly-poly in his dark suit and horn-rimmed glasses, looks like a casting director's idea of one of the men behind West Germany's economic resurgence. Indeed, he is a man of powerful organizational talents, the chief executive of the World Cup Committee, though he has also had to solve such administrative problems as taking responsibility for the travel and accommodations of 16 national teams and officials and accrediting 4,000 journalists. There have been political worries, too, caused mainly by East Germany making its way to the finals, where it will compete in the same first-stage group as West Germany. The East German government will not allow just any of its citizens to cheer on their team, but 10,000 lucky ticket holders are expected to be brought west by special trains.

Joch and his committee will be recouping some of their country's outlay by selling 2½ million tickets and collecting $7 million for television rights. In the name of fund raising, they are also responsible for the creation of two characters that are omnipresent on souvenirs from throwaway gas lighters to beer steins. Tip and Tap. Tip is a toothy dwarf with fevered cheeks and sprouting black hair; Tap has a monk's haircut and a huge, elongated chin. Dressed in soccer gear, they are the copyrighted "mascots" for the World Cup and, even though the committee expects to pick up about $5 million for the right to use them, they are so macabre-looking that it is a pity no one had a word in good time with Joch. Or his art director.

That, though (and maybe those 80 buses), looks like the only slip he has made so far and he is clearly competent to handle any crisis off the field. But already there is the rumble of on-field trouble, which could turn nasty. It comes from Sydney, where at the end of last month Australia played Uruguay in a "friendly" pre-Cup game. Australia's team is a distinctly ragtag collection of immigrants from East Europe and Britain (the natives preferring a game of unspeakable violence called Australian rules) and is quoted at a depressing 500 to 1 by Ladbroke's, the London book-

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ies, but it beat Uruguay 2–0, currently assessed at 14 to 1. Unhappily, Ray Baartz, the Aussie center-forward, was laid low with a karate chop by Luis Garisto, is partially paralyzed and will not play in Germany. The two countries probably will not meet in the World Cup but if they both progress, it could be sticky.

The most notable nonplayer this summer (though he may be in Munich as a television commentator) will be Pele, now Professor Pelé, since he took his *diploma de educação fisica*, which entitles him to teach physical education. After the 1970 Cup in Mexico the greatest of world soccer stars announced that he would not play in Germany. He has stuck to his vow despite appeals by Brazil's president and an army of children sent to his front door to plead, "Stay, stay!" not to mention a hit by pop singer Luis Americo entitled *Camisa 10* (Pelé's jersey number for 15 years), imploring Coach Mario Zagalo to bring back the old No. 10. Brazil, 4-to-1 second favorite, is also losing World Cup veterans Gerson, Tostao and Carlos Alberto, but it still has the players to make it a powerful force.

There is the massive-thighed Jairzinho, who scored seven goals in Mexico, and Luis Pereira, potentially one of the stars of the 1974 Cup, a very tough defenseman who suddenly surges forward to join the attack. There is Paulo César, to whom Pelé publicly bequeathed his mantle as Brazil's great one, and Roberto Rivelino, whose primary talent is the "bombing kick," an exceptionally hard shot. Last year, when Brazil went on a tour in Africa, such a Rivelino shot caused a Tunisian goalkeeper to fall and break his shoulder.

Of the 16 teams in the finals, only Zaire, Australia and Haiti could be said to have had any easy passage because of weak qualifying groups. Both the Scots and the Yugoslavs, linked in the same group with Brazil, could give the world champions a shock. The East European teams, Bulgaria, Poland and East Germany, are hard, well-drilled attacking sides, particularly Poland, which deservedly knocked out England in a preliminary round. Aside from Brazil, though, the Latin American teams may not be the force they usually are. The Chilean squad is dominated by players from one club team, Colo Colo, and both Uruguay and Argentina have had to change coaches this year, Omar Sivori of Argentina departing after a public shouting match with officials of the national football association. More serious for both Argentina and Uruguay, team selection has been difficult. Stars of both countries' teams play for foreign clubs and there has been trouble getting them released.

No such awkwardness exists over the release of Johan Cruyff, the Dutchman for whom Barcelona paid a world-record fee of $2¼ million last year. It is written into his contract that he can play anytime for Holland, and it is chiefly because of his presence on the Dutch team that it is rated a 10-to-1 fourth favorite, generous odds in the opinion of many. With Pelé gone, Cruyff is now soccer's superstar, a highly intelligent player who is not only capable of brilliant individual breakthroughs and scoring shots but is a grafting, hard-running, constructive team member who has what coaches approvingly call a high work rate. Behind him is another fine Dutchman, Johan Neeskens, a tough, destructive midfield player who can also burst through to score. Holland could do very well in Germany.

HERR JOCH: WHAT'S WITH THE BUSES?

The Italians, third favorite at 5 to 1, win their place in the ratings for mastery of defense in depth. Characteristically, their finest player is Goalkeeper Dino Zoff. Although no stylist—he saves goals with outthrust legs as well as by more orthodox dives—hardly anyone scores against him. In international soccer he has gone nine straight games without conceding a goal. In front of him stands the massive Italian defensive wall dominated by Giacinto Facchetti and Tarcisio Burgnich, which is in keeping with the *catenaccio* philosophy the Italians developed—raid, score a single goal, retreat into an 11-man defense. This could take Italy a long way at Munich, but it is an essentially sterile approach, one exposed at Mexico City in the 1970 final when Brazil, committing everything to attack, flayed Italy 4–1.

With so many imponderables, this is the most open World Cup since Sweden reached the final in 1958, to the dismay of the pundits. Last week, though, lined up under the floodlights on this murky Hamburg afternoon, the Swedes, rated 40 to 1 for the Cup, seem merely sparring partners for the powerful West Germans. The expected pattern quickly asserts itself. Occasional raids by Sweden through their striker, Roland Sandberg, are offset by pounding German attacks, the movements building up sweetly from Franz Beckenbauer and Paul Breitner, and flowing through Uli Hoeness and Günter Netzer, all the time toward Gerd Muller, who paces wolfishly within a 20-yard radius of the goal, trying to shake the two, sometimes three, defensemen the Swedes have allocated him.

Müller. "Der Bomber." The West German striker; the most prolific goal scorer in international soccer. He has no finesse, his critics complain. He contributes nothing to team play. Others create the openings for him as he stands stocky-legged as an old ship's captain, as near the goal line as he can without infringing the off-side law, and slams in goals with head, chest and both boots, 65 of them in 52 international games, a better scoring rate than even Pelé managed.

With an expensive disregard for the rest of the attack, the Swedes commit too many men to watch him and pay the price. In the second half, Hoeness and Jupp Heynckes break through and score. Müller himself hits a post. The two goals are enough. The Germans clearly relax. Six weeks or so before the World Cup, who wants to pull a muscle for nothing? The crowds stream away. It was too easy. No evidence to go on, not until West Germany takes on Chile in Berlin on June 14. On all available form to date, there seems a good chance that it will be West German Captain Franz Beckenbauer who steps up to receive the gold trophy at the Olympia Stadium. But there's a long way to go yet. **END**

These nice guys finish first

In a startling switch from their pugnacious tactics, mannerly but manly Philadelphia ousted New York from the Stanley Cup playoffs

It obviously pained him to mumble the words in praise of a hated rival. Defenseman Brad Park of the New York Rangers had been a prime target of the menacing Philadelphia Flyers, and now as he sat dejectedly on a dressing-room bench his body was a mass of welts and bruises and there were two ice bags strapped to his right knee. "I didn't think the Flyers could do it," Park said slowly, "but they finally beat us with a good, honest hockey game."

What Park meant was that the Broad Street Bullies forsook their shivs and spiked helmets last Sunday afternoon at the Spectrum in Philadelphia—as indeed they had in the two previous games—and removed the Rangers from the Stanley Cup playoffs with a cool, methodical 4–3 victory in the seventh and final battle of their Amtrak War (the cities are two hours apart by rail). There was only one fight, in which the Flyers' Dave Schultz thrashed Ranger Defenseman Dale Rolfe, sending him to the medical room for treatment. Instead of brawling and marauding, the Flyers wore down the Rangers with relentless forechecking over the first two periods as they took a 3–1 lead, and then relied on Bernie Parent's superior goaltending when the Rangers became aroused in the third period. Until then Parent was practically a spectator as the Flyers blitzed Ranger Goalie Eddie Giacomin, with about half of their shots labeled goal. But Giacomin, playing his finest cup series, repeatedly stymied the Flyer shooters with one acrobatic save after another. If Giacomin had not performed sensationally the Flyers would have had a rout after two periods instead of a 3–1 lead. "He kept us alive," said Defenseman Rod Seiling.

At 8:49 of the third period New York's Steve Vickers beat Parent with a short forehand flip from the front of the slot after taking a backhand pass from linemate Walt Tkaczuk, and suddenly the Rangers were not only alive but kicking. But 12 seconds later Philadelphia struck again. The Flyers shot the puck into the Ranger end, where Park collected it and skated behind Giacomin. Rick MacLeish, the mercurial Flyer center, tracked Park down, banged him into the boards and knocked the puck loose. Ross Lonsberry picked it up, passed it to Gary Dornhoefer in front of the net—it seems he is always there—and before Giacomin could move, Dornhoefer whipped a high shot over his left shoulder.

Again the Rangers rallied, pelting Parent with shots and finally closing to within 4–3 at 14:34, when Pete Stemkowski beat him on a rebound. Staunchly, surely, Parent protected the slim lead, and thus the Flyers became the first expansion team ever to beat a member of the Establishment in the playoffs.

It had been tight and taut all the way. Earlier in the week the Flyers and Rangers had traded 4–1 victories in games that were uncannily similar. First Philadelphia and then New York, employing close-checking tactics, rallied from early 1–0 deficits and concluded the scoring with empty-net goals. But while the first four rounds had been marked by violence, destruction, bloodletting and vicious name-calling, these games were so serene—at least on the surface—that they could have passed for intrasquad scrimmages of the California Golden Seals. Not that the Flyers and the Rangers suddenly came to like each other, mind you. Asked if she would be inviting any Philadelphia players to dinner during the off-season, Park's wife Gerry bluntly replied, "I wouldn't invite them to our garage."

All things considered, however, it was not surprising that the brash and lippy Flyers were subdued when they checked in to their Spectrum dressing room before the start of the fifth game. For one thing, they knew they would have to wear their official Clarence Campbell-approved NHL gags, muzzles and good-guy sweat shirts the rest of the series. The NHL president was so incensed by Philadelphia's behavior in the early part of the series that he ordered the Broad Street Bullies to become the Broad Street Sweethearts. Campbell's timing was thought-provoking. Until then the NHL had tolerated Philadelphia's fighting ap-

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FLYER MARVEL PARENT (RIGHT) EOGEO GIACOMIN FOR SERIES GOALTENOING HONORS

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proach because the Bullies filled buildings everywhere they played. The Flyers set single-game attendance records for the season in five NHL rinks, indicating that spectators—even in cities with supposedly purist fans, such as Montreal—prefer gladiators to hockey players. But when the New York-based national media began to focus on Philadelphia's lead-with-your-left style in the playoffs, the NHL put its clamps on Flyer Captain Bobby Clarke and friends.

Campbell's action stirred the anger of Ed Snider, board chairman of the Flyers. "The Boston Bruins used to triple-team us and beat us up," Snider said. "Why didn't people scream then? Oh, but now there's a whole new situation, and Campbell tells us this team must be controlled."

Moreover, there was a message on the Flyers' dressing-room blackboard: ASHCAN PHONED AT 5:30 WISHING US ALL GOOD LUCK TONIGHT. Though the message was cheerful, it was a sobering reminder that Philadelphia's top defenseman was out for the rest of the series. In the overtime period of the fourth game, in New York, shortly before Rod Gilbert's goal tied the series for the Rangers at two games apiece, Barry Ashbee had stopped a Dale Rolfe shot with his right eye and plunged to the ice. For a time it was feared that Ashbee would lose his sight in that eye. Fortunately the crisis passed, but he was still in the hospital with bandages over both eyes. "There are three players this team cannot afford to lose," said Clarke. "Bernie Parent, Rick MacLeish and Barry Ashbee."

Ashbee *was* lost, and now Clarke was trying to buck up MacLeish. Unlike most of his teammates, MacLeish suffers from a lack of confidence. He is Philadelphia's best skater and stickhandler and in the last two seasons has scored 50 and 32 goals, respectively, but he seems to think he should be playing for the Richmond Robins. "Maybe someone should tell him how good he is," Clarke said.

In the first two semifinal games, played at the Spectrum, MacLeish fired 11 shots at Giacomin and scored three goals. In New York he took only four shots in two games and never threatened the Ranger goaltender. So what did Clarke tell MacLeish? "He said I had to get off my rear," MacLeish reported.

While MacLeish was absorbing that advice, the fifth and sixth games pivoted on the play of the defensemen. "The Philadelphia defensemen are flat-footed," said Denis Ball, the jolly giant who is the No. 1 aide to Ranger boss Emile Francis. Indeed, except for rookie Jim Watson and Ashbee, the Flyers' regular defenders lack speed, mobility and puck-handling intelligence. "That hurts us at times because they can't get out of their own way," says Coach Fred Shero, "but they never let anyone stand around in front of Parent, and to me that's more important."

As the fifth game began, the Rangers crowded the Flyer defensemen whenever they touched the puck, double-teaming the corners and sealing off the normal escape routes. The strategy paid a prompt dividend as Stemkowski caught Moose Dupont out of position and beat Parent to give the Rangers a 1–0 lead. New York continued to smother the Philadelphia defensemen, twice breaking two forwards out against a lone defender and twice breaking three forwards against a single defender. Fortunately for the Flyers, Parent either made the necessary saves or the Rangers mishandled the puck.

Between the first and second periods an alarmed Shero consulted Assistant Coach Mike Nykoluk, who sits in the press box, makes notes, diagrams plays and checking tactics and gives a report to Shero at the end of every period. The result was a game-saving strategy.

After listening to Nykoluk, Shero instructed the Flyer defensemen to dispose of the puck posthaste, and ordered the Flyer forwards to come back and help out. He told the forwards to hound the Ranger defensemen at the other end of the ice to force them into the kind of mistakes the Flyer defensemen had made in the first period. Almost before the words were out of his mouth the Flyers tied the score on a goal by Tom Bladon, a young defensemen, of all people, who had moved into the five-man rotation because of Ashbee's absence. Later in the period Philadelphia got what proved to be the game-winning goal by following the familiar Dornhoefer plan.

Dornhoefer plays right wing on MacLeish's line, but on this occasion once the puck entered the New York zone he forgot about everything else and skated to Giacomin's doorstep, where the welcome mat is never out. "I tried to keep him preoccupied," Dornhoefer said blithely. So there was Dornhoefer skate-to-skate with Giacomin, his blades practically in the crease, and there was MacLeish circling around with the puck. "Shoot! Shoot!" Dornhoefer yelled to MacLeish. Without looking, MacLeish fired the puck along the ice toward Dornhoefer, who opened his skates slightly and let the puck slide between them. Poor Giacomin never realized what had happened until the puck was behind him and the red light was on.

Two nights later in New York, Giacomin took a headsman's swing at Dornhoefer with his big goaltender's stick when the Flyer cruised behind the Ranger net. "You see me getting dumped, but you don't see Parent getting dumped," Giacomin said bitterly, indirectly indicting his teammates for not keeping the area around the net a New York preserve. "If no one else is going to move their guys out of my way, my 180 pounds will do it." To further demonstrate his irritation, Giacomin slashed Ross Lonsberry with his stick and threw punches at Lonsberry with his gloves. Giacomin was given two minor penalties, but he had staked his claim and the Flyers did not bother him the rest of the game.

Meanwhile the Flyers inexplicably forgot how they beat New York in Philadelphia, and the Rangers suddenly remembered to do what they had done so well in that first period at the Spectrum. This time they maintained their pressure on the Flyer defensemen throughout the game. "That Dupont always coughed the puck up when we made him think," Francis said. So did the other Philadelphia defensemen.

Still, it was a 1–1 game for two periods as both Giacomin and Parent foiled attack after attack, with Giacomin stopping Clarke on three occasions and Parent preventing a New York romp with two dozen saves, some of them astounding. Finally Ron Harris snapped a screened wrist shot past Parent from 35 feet away to put the Rangers ahead and send the series back to Philadelphia.

On Sunday, when it was over and the Flyers were packing for Boston and the final round of the cup against Bobby Orr and the rest of the Bruins, Harris was glumly pondering the Amtrak Series. He repeated something Pete Stemkowski had said: "If we had to play 78 games a year against the Flyers, we'd all retire after one season, because we'd be all worn out." **END**

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LORD IN THE PITS

From his marble 17th-century manor, Lord Alexander Hesketh plans his assault on Grand Prix racing, a sport he believes should be more romantic. With that in mind he serves champagne to his crew

by ROBERT F. JONES

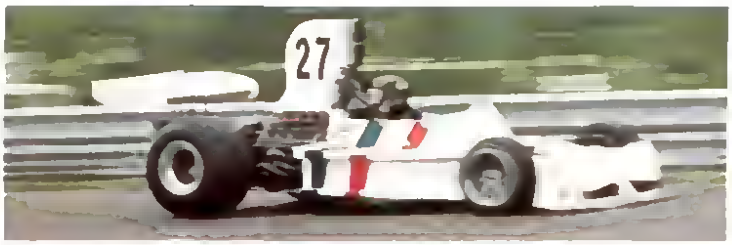
HE AND HIS MUM

HIS OWN COPTER

AND HIS RACE CAR

CONTINUED

HESKETH *continued*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

The car hits the top of the esses and flicks past with one final shoulder fake, a blur of virginal white. To the casual observer it is just another Grand Prix car at practice, but then a pinch of doubt asserts itself. Hold on, there. Something was wrong with that machine. Not the line the driver took through the corners; that was standard procedure. And not the sound of the engine; that was a standard Ford-Cosworth snarl, healthy and hawking on all eight. Then the answer comes. What was missing is something even more vital to most racing teams than a strong motor: sponsorship decals. The car that just went past was clean, pristine, unmarked by the gaudy brands—Goodyear or Firestone, Champion or Bosch, this tobacco company or that perfumery—brands whose omnipresence in racing turns even the elegant Grand Prix thoroughbreds into high-speed billboards. In the ever-more-costly work of motor sports, a car without decals is like a barefoot miler, a one-legged cornerback, a 4′ 6″ NBA center. Yet this car can win.

Anomalous as the car itself may seem, its owner is even more so. Thomas Alexander Fermor-Hesketh, Third Baron Hesketh, in the 23rd year of his age, is a full-fledged (indeed full-blown) English lord. Tall and plump, cheerfully ursine in the manner of a grown-up Winnie-the-Pooh, his Lordship is the real item; not one of those peers whose grandfathers made it big in coal or newspapers, but one whose title as a baronet dates back to 1761, not far from the era when English lords swung mighty swords. (The rank was upgraded to full baron in 1935.) In Hesketh's case, the mighty sword has been transmuted to a Grand Prix car that he owns all by himself and whose driver is in effect his personal page and coachman, a weapon akin to Excalibur that will win for his Lordship a famous victory over the commercialized heathen: the World Championship.

Romantic, yes. But motor racing right now needs a goodly injection of that commodity. The sport has been suffering from a romance crisis much longer than it did from the putative fuel crisis. The last real aristocrats involved in the sport—the Marquis de Portago and Count Wolfgang Graf Berghe von Trips (better known as Count von Crash)—both died in the process, leaving the impression that effete European bluebloods were not only ineffective racers but dangerous to boot. Hesketh's effort, for all its romantic overtones, is quite the opposite.

Last year, the team's first on the Grand Prix circuit, Hesketh Racing's lone driver, James Hunt, won 14 points in seven races and placed eighth overall among the 45-driver squadron. In the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen (SI, Oct. 15, 1973) Hunt pressed winner Ronnie Peterson all the way and finished a close second. Indeed, early in the race Hunt had the revs in hand to pass Peterson's Lotus, but his good sense and perhaps a touch of the new boy's shyness kept him on Peterson's tailpipes; it is wiser to stay right behind and keep the pressure on the leader during the early going, particularly if you are a rookie and the man ahead is a tough, wild-eyed Swede.

LE PATRON SIPS WINE

JAMES HUNT DRIVES

Up to that point Hesketh Racing had seemed just another lightweight joke outfit to many who follow the GP circuit. His Lordship, whose white racing jacket with the red and blue piping bore the title *Le Patron*, served vintage Dom Perignon in the pits, along with fresh strawberries. His pit crew wore equally fruity Gucci shoes, as red as those in Moira Shearer's movie of the same name. Hesketh's team manager, Anthony (Bubbles) Horsley, was a pudgy road racer *manqué* ("The 10th worst racing driver in the world—when he was running well," says Hesketh). Driver Hunt, 26, had a so-so career in Formula II cars where he earned the nickname "Hunt the Shunt" and a reputation as motor sports' answer, groupie-wise, to Mick Jagger. The car itself was a March, not

continued

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HESKETH *continued*

one of the quickest in the Grand Prix stable, and when it was parked or standing in the garage area, it wore the plastic effigy of a large black pig over its air-intake scoop. Why?

"A large black pig," his Lordship explained, capitally, "makes a car run faster!"

To understand Lord Alexander Hesketh, much less his wit and wisdom, one must first understand where he comes from. Easton Neston, the Hesketh baronial manor, stands on 7,000 acres near the town of Towcester, roughly a two-hour drive north of London. Towcester, as in "toaster." The manor house, built largely of marble, was begun in the late 1680s and completed half a century later. Slow growth is essential to grandeur: one could fit a full Levittown into Easton Neston and have room left over for all the family rooms in Beverly Hills. The ceilings in some rooms measure a full 30 feet. A Rolls-Royce could be parked in any of the downstairs fireplaces, and maybe one has been. God knows, Alexander is capable of it.

Entering the manor house, one is first impressed by the chill, then by the fearsome visage of a full-mounted bear rearing out of a dark corner. Wintry light glints off the armor behind the bear, whose claws seem to match the marble. On the table in the entry hall lies a copy of *M.A.S.H. Goes to Maine*, a huge Bowie knife, a guest book full of Churchills, Windsors and Douglas-Homes. In the echoing dining room, a brace of Rubens paintings adds a touch of warmth to the background behind the butler's eyes. In a corner glowers the erect figure of a stuffed snowy owl. Tapestries picked out in silver and gold, the crackle of a bonfire, pheasants and peasants striding through the rain on the putting-green lawns outside the tall casement windows, two great bronze Chinese lions snarling in fierce silence at the Corinthian columns that only seem to hold the place up. Some country cottage.

Footsteps clack in the hallway—a firm, no-nonsense stride—and Kisty emerges from the gloom. Kisty is Alexander's widowed mother, Lady Hesketh. The old lord died when Alexander was five. A strong, handsome, gregarious woman in her mid-40s, with absolutely none of that upper-class English pretension that Americans flinchingly anticipate on first meeting British noblepersons, Kisty could be your best buddy's mother—maybe even his girl friend. She wears a black patch over her right eye, having lost the sight of it in a recent car crash (not *her* fault, mind you!), and the resulting piratical touch neatly counterpoints her warm nature. Alexander calls her Cuddles, a nickname proudly emblazoned on her racing jacket.

"I'm afraid you may have come a long way for nothing," Kisty begins. "Alexander is down with the flu—he's running a temp of 103, poor dear!—and may not recover in time for the pheasant shoot tomorrow. Thus the bulk of your story seems to be missing." She laughs heartily at her pun: Alexander is awfully bulky these days.

Still, a shooting weekend at Easton Neston, even without his Lordship's presence, is bound to be instructive. Indeed, it may be even more so without him, since Alexander dominates his surroundings wherever he appears both by size (6'4" plus 250 pounds) and his compelling conversation (ranging from automotive design to the Zulu wars, all viewed eccentrically). After a welcoming—and welcome, considering the chill—glass of sherry before the fire in the drawing room, we repair to our rooms for a washup and change of attire.

"You must see the stables," Kisty says. "They date to the 16th century, but Alexander and Bubbles have turned them into a racing-car factory. They're building the new car there, the Hesketh. At first I resented the transition, having been an avid horsewoman all my life, but then I realized that these Grand Prix cars are every bit as thoroughbred as horses. Now it pleases me to think that the stables have found a real use once again."

The stables are impressive. Thick, white stucco walls and heavy, dark oaken doors hewn from the same forests that hulled the ships of Drake and Hawkins and Errol Flynn. One can almost hear the ring of iron shoes on the cobblestones as the ghostly hunters of the past walk out on a misty morning to pursue wily Reynard . . . but it's only Harvey Postlethwaite hammering on the new car. Dr. Harvey Postlethwaite, 35, B.S., Ph.D., is the automotive genie behind Hesketh Racing, a dreamy-eyed, long-haired design and development engineer who came into racing after growing bored with polyurethane and whom Alexander snagged away from the March factory team last year. "I didn't want to do it at first," Harvey says. "They seemed a bit wild, you know, a bit dilettantish. But they played to my weakness. They bought me a large bottle of a fine white wine and made me drink it. Then they bought me a *very* large bottle of a *very* fine white wine and made me drink *that*. So here I am, a genie out of a bottle or two."

And some genie he is. The March F-1 car, on which Harvey worked last year and for part of this season, has a reputation as one of the crankiest machines in Grand Prix history. Jackie Stewart, who drove a March in 1970 and hated it, wrote in his book *Faster!*, "It reacted slowly, and when it did respond, it responded nastily, snappishly. It didn't go all in one; it felt as though it were of two pieces, as if it had a front end and a rear end, and this sense of never being tied into its moves is what I'm afraid we're stuck with. . . . A Formula I car is really an animal." Well, whatever the fault of the March's design, Dr. Postlethwaite tamed the Push-Me-Pull-You last season: the Hesketh March was quicker, smoother, steadier and stronger than even the factory entries.

The new car is something else again. "Nothing really novel about it," Harvey said as he walked around the unpainted machine. "The quickest designs last season were the McLaren and the Lotus. We've combined some of their characteristics and some of the good things from the March. The real problem is going to be the engine. Alexander and Bubbles want to build a 12-cylinder Hesketh motor to power the Hesketh chassis. That may well be the wave of the future, but for right now the best power plant is still the F-1 Ford-Cosworth. We'll run our good Ford engine in the Hesketh until the new motor is ready."

Watching the evolution of Grand Prix cars is like seeing one of those high school biology movies where the film is speeded up so that a duck's egg goes from ovoid to south-for-the-winter in five seconds flat. Still, though the new Hesketh looks very much like every other 180-mph duck on the GP pond, it remains to be seen, over the remainder of the 15-

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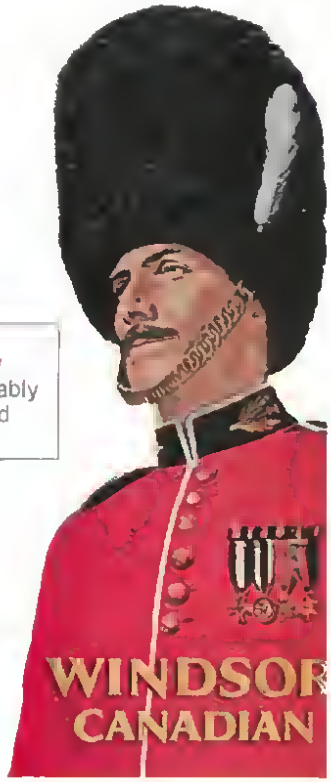

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WINDSOR CANADIAN

HESKETH *continued*

race season, if it is a speedy widgeon or just a flap-along buffelhead.

In the first four GPs and two intervening non-title bouts, Hunt and his white racer were a bit of both. The Hesketh qualified fifth for the Argentine Grand Prix Jan. 13, but didn't finish. At São Paulo, Brazil two weeks later, Hunt qualified 18th and wheeled up to a ninth-place finish. Ah, but then came a break in the schedule—and Lord Hesketh's bubbly moments of glory.

At the Daily Express International Trophy Race at Silverstone, Hunt swept aside all comers' the fastest qualifying at 135.79 mph, pole position and first-place finish. A photograph in England's *Motoring News* showed Hunt and his Lordship spraying the crowd with Moet; they drank the Dom Perignon.

The Hesketh's speed faltered a bit in the South African Grand Prix March 30. It qualified 13th and didn't finish. But it roared back to seize the pole position by qualifying fastest at the Daily Mail Race of Champions at Brands Hatch. Unhappily, again no finish.

Neither of the newspaper-sponsored Formula I events counted toward the world championship, and when official competition resumed April 28 at the Spanish Grand Prix, Hunt started ninth, finished 10th.

In Easton Neston, Bubbles Horsley is busy at team managing in his office at the back of the stable, tucked in among some stuffed toy snakes, a calendar listing the Grand Prix races of 1974, a sign reading DELIVERIES AT REAR and a miasma of acrid smoke from the Panter panatelas he chain-smokes whenever he is not in the pits. A puffy, pigeon-toed hippie of 34, the eldest of the Hesketh Irregulars, Bubbles affects a constant state of discombobulation. Actually, he is an astute team manager, having learned the art form in his early days as a driver. His peers then were beginners like Chris Amon, Peter Revson, Piers Courage and Jochen Rindt, all of them getting a start in the fierce learner's school of British Formula III racing. Bubbles may not have matched them in terms of quick, but he was well up in smarts.

"Go talk to James," says Bubbles. "He's around here somewhere. An ink-stained wretch from the racing press is taking photographs of him. I'll see you at dinner." And he dives back into his smoke screen.

James Hunt is out in the stable yard, posing for pictures with a regional racing journalist. The journalist has brought along a rented bow and arrow ("at considerable expense, I might add," he adds) and is setting James up for a "Hunt the hunter" shot. James, in his Carnaby Street clothes and his long blond hair, looks more like Maid Marian than Robin Hood, but he cheerfully undergoes the ordeal. An onlooker takes the bow from Hunt's unpracticed hands and snaps an arrow into one of the oak stable doors. The thwock of the arrow brings Bubbles out into the rain, on the trot.

"I must ask you to desist," he scolds, looking anxiously over his shoulder toward the manor house. "Her ladyship values those doors quite highly. After all, they date from the 16th century and they don't grow oak like that no mo'." He scurries back to his smoke-filled room.

At dinner that evening the rest of the houseguests assemble, and after a few minutes it becomes evident that Evelyn Waugh's satirical novels of English country life were nothing more than straight reportage, perhaps even somewhat understated. First there are the sisters Anne and Rose, daughters of the unfortunate Lord Lambton, recently expelled from the Tory Cabinet in the latest of Britain's perennial sex scandals. Anne Lambton is small, with the steady, sharp-toothed grin of a dolphin. She affects a freaky air and a Cockney accent—"wif" for "with"—and pretends total incomprehension concerning the "real world."

"Are vey still hafing those 'orrible bombs in Londing?" she asks. "Oy 'aven't bean vare in mumfs. Oh pigs! Oy spilt me caviar!" During the dinner she amuses her mates by snorting now and then, apparently imitating a pig. Ah, the liberation of the English lady!

Her sister Rose is taller, even more out of touch, very pale and with dyed dark-red hair. Rose has brought her pet dog, a neurotic shelty bitch that lurks under the huge dining-room table nipping at ankles and whining every now and then like a household ghost. Next to Rose sits Andrew Fraser, a younger son of Lord Lovat who led the No. 4 Commandos during World War II. Andrew is dark, trim, amused. Very fit, except for his right eye, which he severely damaged not long ago when he threw a firecracker into a bonfire. "The doctors removed the lens," he says, very cool and dispassionate,

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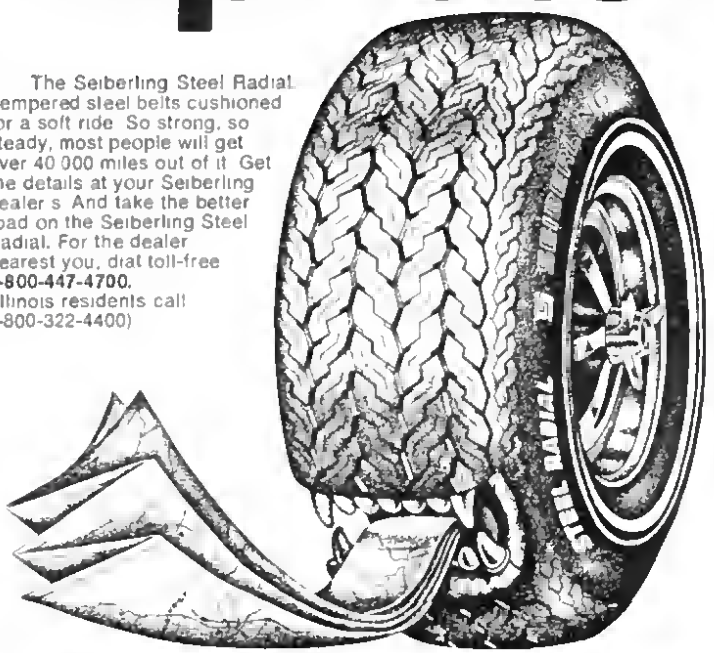

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HESKETH

"but the rest of the eye is still sound. They say that perhaps I can wear a contact lens and regain part of the sight."

"Oh, I hope so," says Lady Hesketh, *sotto voce*, adjusting her own eye patch. "It's awful not having binocular vision. I was once a fair shot, but now I'm having to learn all over again, using the left eye. Andrew was a splendid wing shot, one of the best, very keen."

Across from young Fraser sits Robert Fermor-Hesketh, younger brother of Alexander. (A third brother, the youngest, John, is not present. An even keener wing shot than Andrew, he spends the bird season, from the Glorious 12th of August through the end of January, traveling around Britain in a car of his own design, complete with bed, shooting pheasants, grouse, woodcock and wildfowl wherever he can glean an invitation.) Robert, who is a year younger than Alexander, is his Lordship's antithesis, physically at least. Shorter but trimmer, wide-shouldered and flat-bellied, he sports a dark, leonine mane and beard, in contrast to Alexander's fair, close-cropped hair and clean-shaven, almost babylike cheeks. Where Alexander is consciously effete—a kind of young Robert Morley—"Bobs" is tough, bouncy, glowering, a real competitor, as would be evidenced the next morning under the flighted pheasants of Easton Neston. Strangely enough, Robert Hesketh has found his life's work in art history. He currently works at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in Manhattan, yet an interest in primitive art took him and Andrew Fraser, his best friend since childhood, up the Orinoco River of Venezuela two years ago where they spent six months "among the headhunters." Primogeniture produces strange hegiras.

"I don't know if he told you this," says Lady Hesketh over the port, "but Alexander was once a used-car salesman. He quit school at the age of 16 and went to work in a car lot not far from here. I was shocked at first, but it all worked out for the best, as Alexander had known all along it would. There's no tougher school for the businessman than being a used-car salesman. I remember him coming home one evening all elated over a sale he'd made. He'd traded his own Ford Cortina to a customer in a nearby town, and as he drove over to deliver it he discovered that he couldn't open the driver's-side door, nor the opposite door, for

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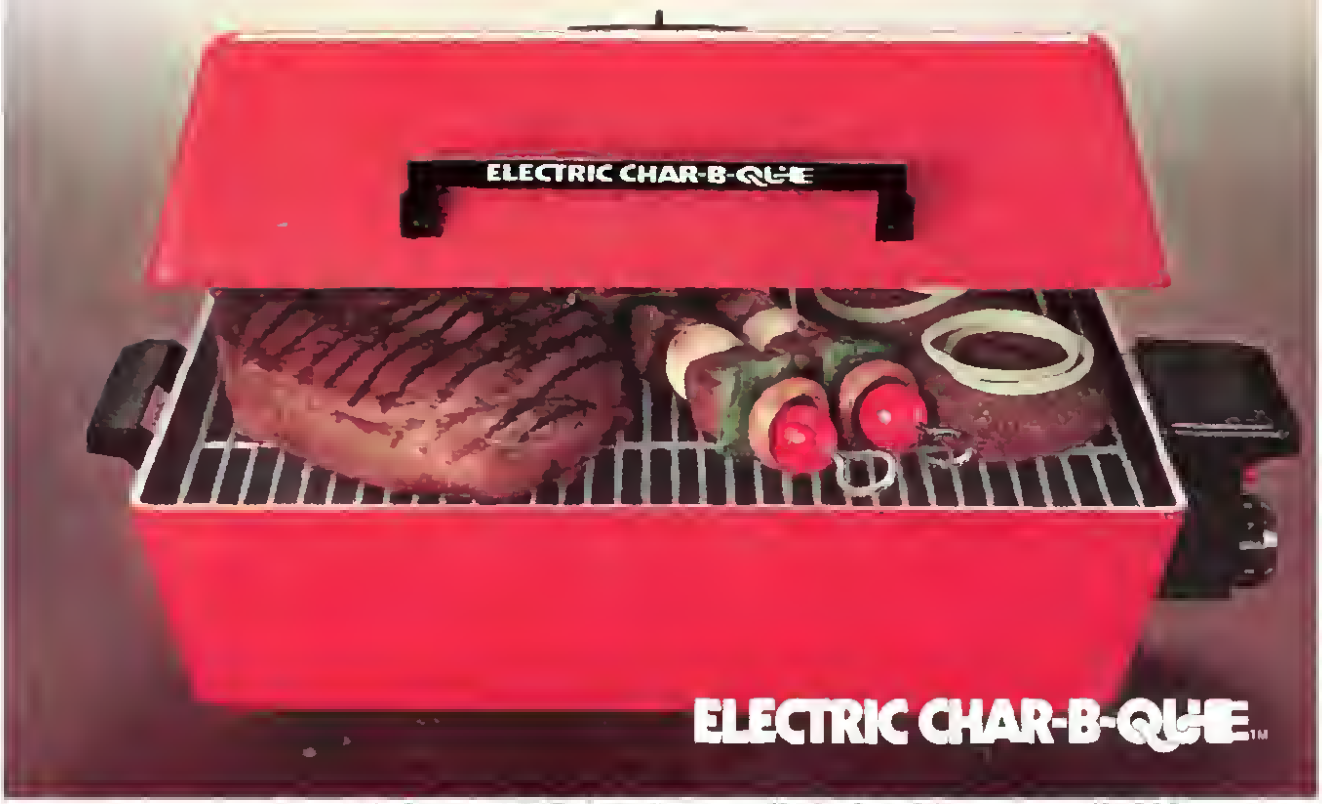

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that matter. When he *pulled* up to the customer's house, Alexander had to climb out of the window!

"Nonetheless, he promptly walked over to the customer's trade-in car, kicked the tires in a surly manner and knocked the guy down to 200 bucks! All gall, as they say . . ."

After his apprenticeship in the used-car business, Kisty continues, Alexander hied himself off to San Francisco, where he studied the stock market as an employee of the Dean Witter brokerage house. "Alexander became quite a figure with the San Francisco columnists," she said. "You know, an English lord and all that. Well, someone showed me a Herb Caen column which said that Alexander was awakened every morning by a long-distance call from his hall porter at the Turf Club in London. He did not trust the wake-up service in his hotel. I flew into a rage and accused him of wastrel behavior. He readily admitted the fact that the hall porter awakened him, but excused himself by explaining that he never answered the phone. 'I let it ring 15 times,' he said, 'then the hall porter would hang up. *If* it was something urgent, he would ring longer.' "

After dinner, at Kisty's nod, the ladies take their leave while the gentlemen clip and ignite their Havanas. Brandy fumes mix with the rich reek of cigar smoke. The conversation turns to masculine subjects: the impending Armageddon. In upper-class English circles, this particular conversation has been going on for the better part of a century, the specifics varying from year to year and crisis to crisis. But this is a vintage year for Armageddon alarums, and as the verbal gloom deepens, the eyes of the conversationalists brighten with a kind of perverse joy. A return to the Dark Ages would suit most of the men at the table just fine. After all, if one has survived, indeed thrived, among the headhunters of the upper Orinoco, a medievalized Britain would be a piece of cake. They love the notion.

Robert glowers through his beard, swirling his brandy with metronomic precision. His right hand, curled around the fragile crystal snifter, might well be cupping a skull. . . .

In the morning there is a cold, fine rain. little more than a mist, but with teeth in it. Alexander is still abed with his fever; he will miss the shoot. We are eight guns, each man backed up by a loader and shooting two double-barreled shotguns. My loader is a cheery countryman named Sid Watker who chatters on merrily as we trudge through a field of winter wheat to the first stand. "Ah, yes, most of the land is under cultivation, but his Lordship maintains about 7,000 pheasants on the estate, that he does, and shoots it only six or eight times a season, killing up to 800 birds per shoot, but today I reckon we won't kill more than five or six hundred, not with the weather like this—watch your step there, sir, it's mucky goin', what?—no, this rain will keep 'em from flyin', too heavy they are in the wet like this, they'd rather run than fly, but here come the beaters now, sir, you'd better get set."

The beaters, some 50 men and boys and a few little girls from the neighboring village, are pushing through the first patch of wood, trilling and chirruping and bellowing to frighten the pheasants ahead of them, whacking the bushes and tree trunks with their clubs, now and then eoshing a hare or rabbit that tries to cut back through the line. The gamekeeper, a ruddy-cheeked professional who runs the shoot with an iron hand, directs the beaters with his police whistle. There is as much discipline and tactical skill involved in this kind of shooting as in a company-scale infantry maneuver, and the gamekeeper is a tough sergeant-major. Finally the birds take to the air, milling at first near the edge of the wood—tall, tan, scuttling figures—then exploding with a rattle of wet wings and lining out over the carefully positioned gunners, who stand 100 yards apart and another 100 from the wood's marge.

Guns are slamming all up and down the line. The blue smoke hangs in the drizzle and drifts slowly in the light air. The birds, when hit, seem to double in size, crumpling and falling with wings askew, then thumping hard on the wet fields. What appear to be outsized bronze snowflakes begin to drift past, pheasant feathers. Soon they are thick as a blizzard. I watch James Hunt poke awkwardly at a high double, missing both birds. It is his first pheasant shoot, indeed his first day ever with a shotgun. Bubbles, who has shot before and is learning fast, drops a ragged double, the second bird hitting the ground hard and then scuttling away with one wing dragging. The dogs will get him later. Then I

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HESKETH *continued*

watch Robert Hesketh. He drops five doubles in a row, right and left. All the birds fall within 10 yards of his stand. None of them thrash for even a moment. "Mister Robert's a good 'un," allows Sid. "Shame his Lordship ain't here. He's bloody good, too."

While the beaters collect the dead and the cripples, the guns move off to the next drive, known as "The Wilderness." My post is at the edge of the wood, in a cut among some pines. The birds come fast, appearing in full flight only 10 yards ahead of me as they dodge through the feathery upper branches. It is snap shooting, of the sort familiar to North American dove and grouse shooters, and my score improves. I knock down my first right-and-left, then another, then a string of singles mixed with some absurd misses, then a final double. Already my shoulder is aching. Kisty comes up through the rain, except for bright red knee socks clad all in black—black trousers, black jacket of the sort worn by *rejoneador* bullfighters, a wide-brimmed Andalusian hat, and her black eye patch. Her good eye twinkles through the mist.

"You shot well," she says. "How do you like it?"

"It's like nothing I've ever seen before. Glorious carnage."

"Strange people, the English," says Kisty, knocking gobs of clay from her boots with a walking stick. "They call this recreation."

The rest of the day is a blur of falling birds, ears ringing with the hollow, ragged rage of 12-bore shotguns, the hallooing of the beaters, the strident chirp of the gamekeeper's whistle. The whole world—black, gray, brown, green—smells of blood and burnt gunpowder. At one point, a pure white pheasant flushes and swivels its way through the barrage unhit. Later, a small, shaggy animal that resembles a long-legged pig erupts from the wood, does a double take on seeing the guns and sprints back to safety. "Chinese barking deer," explains Kisty. "A few of them wandered in here from an estate farther to the south. Ugly little things, aren't they? We don't shoot them, though."

The final tally for the day is 580 pheasants, 16 ducks (which just happened to fly past) and a handful of woodcocks and pigeons. Only a middling score for Easton Neston. The great triumph of the day, however, is that James Hunt learns how to shoot on the wing. By noon he has developed a smooth swing and a consistent follow-through. His score for the day comes to nearly 40 birds, not bad for a beginner. "God, how I loved it when that first bird fell," he exults over a hot cuppa in the drawing room. "It was like winning my first points in a Grand Prix."

That evening I wander the shelves of the library, brandy in hand. The house is lined with books, almost built of them in a way. Kisty's doing. No wonder Alexander needed no more schooling after the age of 16. There on the shelves is everything a human being could possibly absorb by way of words—all the classics. Thucydides, Xenophon, Aristophanes, Plutarch, Homer—in rich, warm leather. Austen and Fielding and Pope. Lots of Shakespeare. A complete history of the British Army. Truman Capote. All of Graham Greene (the Hesketh's are not only catholic in their literary tastes, but uppercasedly so in their religion). A yellowing comic book from World War II dealing with the British Commandos.

"Reading," says Alexander, "is a consuming passion of mine. Only one of many, mind you." He is recovering now from his bout with the flu, though a nasty cough persists, making him sound all the more like Robert Morley dying in *African Queen*. "I don't think that reading and motor racing mix that well—at least, most racers don't read. They don't do much more than race, actually. They can't; it's so demanding a sport. He who reflects, one might say, cannot race. Imagination and action are to some extent antithetical. Yet the sport is deep in history—deeper even than the Mosses and Fangios and Nuvolaris. It goes back, in my mind at least, to those wonderful point-to-point horse races of the 18th and 19th centuries, to the Regency rakes who drank far too much and celebrated the Black Mass and did all sorts of dreadful things, including riding too fast for their own good. Daring should be fun.

"Nothing disturbs me more than that pale cast of mind which insists on removing the joy from action, which reduces it to a dry, commercial, mathematical set of formulae. When I first met Bubbles—I was in my teens then—he confirmed what I had felt as a boy, reading about motor racing: that it was Adventure. So much of that has gone out of the sport

continued

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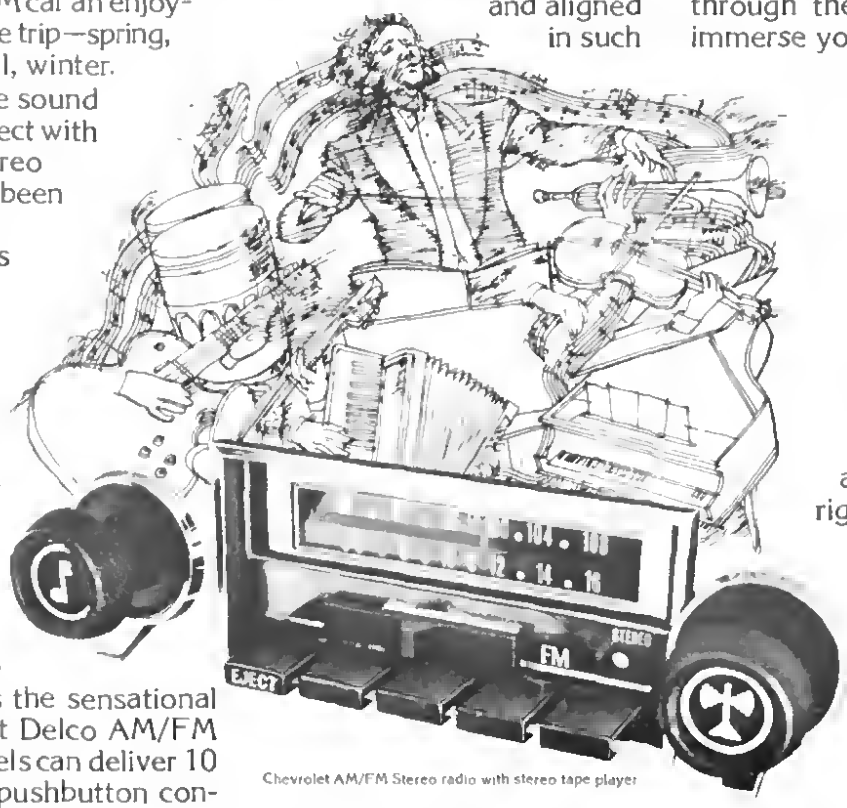

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HESKETH *continued*

in the past 10 years We want to see if it is still there Not that Adventure is a sloppy haphazard thing. It can coexist with sound engineering, intelligent teamwork, canny driving—all of that. But the whole effort must *feel* Adventurous A state of mind that obviates ulcers. That is why I avoid sponsorships Once one falls into the debt of the big companies, once one assumes those heavy responsibilities, the joy drains from the game as surely as oil drains from a split crankcase."

He coughs heartily and swallows half a mug of tea.

"Hesketh Racing is bankrolled entirely by my own company, Hesketh Finance. I use none of my inheritance for the racing effort Oh, I'm not that moral a man, but I draw the line at squandering the family fortune on racing and leaving my widowed mother destitute The new car, and even more the new V-12 engine, constitute great gambles, I admit. But what I want to do, quite frankly, is win the World Driving Championship with the minimum of outside help, win it on our own, out of our own skill and wit and—dare I say it?—daring. I want us to be remembered, not as a superteam built of superstars and supersupport, but as people who made it all seem to be fun. That may sound a bit wet in this workaday world, but I mean it You know, I still have a box of my childhood toys in my room. Now and then, I take them out and play with them."

And if Hesketh Racing does finally win the championship, what then?

"I have a few more ambitions," his Lordship admits. "I would like to win the Indianapolis 500, with an all-girl pit crew. Can you imagine the look on A.J. Foyt's face? And I would like to enter us in American stock-car racing. We've seen a bit of that, and it's the most excitingly pure form of amateur racing in the world. The American South is closer to the world that I grew up in than any part of Europe or Britain. I love it. But ultimately, if the truth be told, my ambition is to win back the America's Cup for England. We lost it 125-odd years ago due to a lack of daring. I think I could find the right people to build the right boat and sail it right enough to win Oh, we would have to live in America for a year, learning the currents and tides and winds off Newport, but that would be part of the fun, wouldn't it?"

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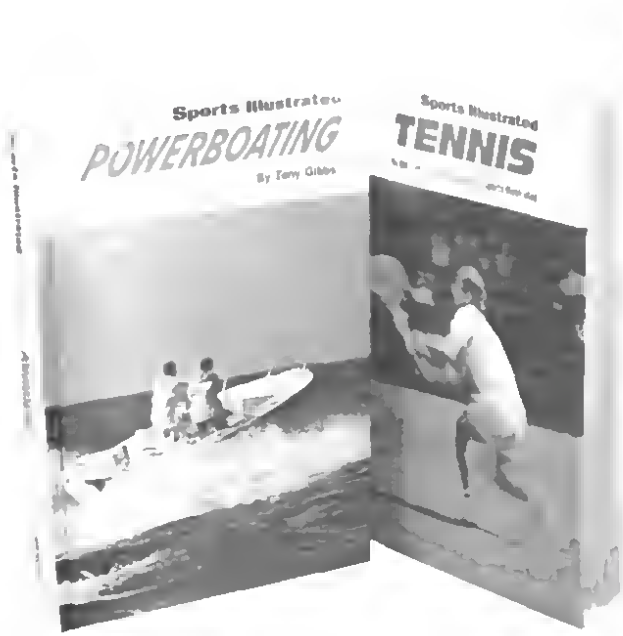

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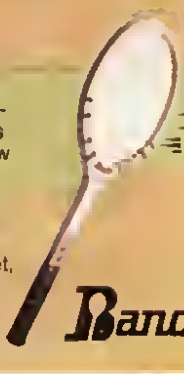

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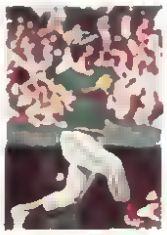

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 29-May 5

PRO BASKETBALL—ABA The ministrations of the good Dr J Erving helped the rest of the New York Nets survive the ill effects of a nine day layoff—providing a healthy 47 points in an 89-85 win over Utah in the opener of the championship series. While the Nets, with the exceptions of Dr J and Mr K (Larry Kenon), who added 18 points and 20 rebounds, shot a miserable 25.6%, the Stars connected on only 33 of 83 shots from the field and had no magical mystery men to improve their 39.8% average. Game Two featured more of Erving's spinning, swooping array, this time 32 points worth, as the Nets outshot (49% to 37%), outrebounded (67-54) and outclassed the flailing Stars 118-94 for a 2-0 playoff lead. Without ailing Center Zelmo Beaty and with an injured Gerald Govan, Utah was sadly outmanned.

NBA The Milwaukee Bucks and Boston Celtics fought to a 2-2 series deadlock at week's end, each disproving the homecourt advantage with victories on the road (*page 34*).

BOATING—Miami's SAMMY JAMES bounced the *Attacker Magpie*, his 38-foot Bertram, to victory in the 11th Sam Griffith Memorial race off Ft. Lauderdale, clocking 2:38:52 and averaging 66.6 mph for the 150-nautical-mile course. He finished 14 minutes ahead of *Bloody Mary*, a 36-foot Cigarette with Myles Johns at the controls.

GOLF—PETER OOSTERHUIS of Great Britain won the French Open in Paris by two strokes over countryman Peter Townsend with a final-round 73 for an even-par 284 aggregate.

SANDRA SPUZICH parred the 5th hole of a three-way sudden-death playoff to win the $35,000 Lady Tara Classic in Atlanta over Donna Caponi Young and Kathy Whitworth. All three had shot even-par 219s for 54 holes.

HOCKEY—WHA Houston began to do bold things—like score goals with a one-man disadvantage—and brought down the Minnesota Fighting Saints in the West final, four games to two. The masters of the shorthand goal were Papa and Baby Il Howe. In Game Five, Gordie and Mark scored within a minute of each other in the first period while Aero Winger Ted Taylor was in the penalty box to secure a 9-4 win. Mark iced the sixth game, 3-1, with his eighth playoff goal, while Gordie was sitting out a tripping violation for the final 1:42. The Aeros now can rest while waiting for Chicago and Toronto to resolve their series, tied at three games apiece by virtue of Toro triumphs in Game Four, 7-6, and Five, 5-3, and a 9-2 Cougar romp in the sixth contest.

NHL A pair of unheralded Bruins by the names of *Sheppard* and *Gilbert wrestled for headlines with* Esposito and Orr to lead Boston past Chicago 4-2 in the sixth and deciding game of their semifinal Stanley Cup series. Winger Gregg Sheppard scored the decisive goal, his ninth in 10 playoff games, and Gilles Gilbert outshone the Hawks' Tony Esposito in goal with 25 saves. The Bruins now face Philadelphia, which downed New York 4-3 in the seventh game of their playoff (*page 84*).

HORSE RACING—CANNONADE ($5), Angel Cordero up, scored a 2¼-length win over Hudson County in the 100th Kentucky Derby (*page 28*).

HORSE SHOWS—MICHELE McELVOY of Summit, N.J., the lone U.S. entry in the Rome International, won the Chevron Oil Italiana prize with a faultless ride of 83.3 seconds aboard Mister Muschue over the 13-obstacle course.

LACROSSE—TOWSON STATE (Md.), No. 1 in the college division, upset Virginia, the fourth-ranked team among major colleges, 18-14 at Charlottesville, Va. NAVY surprised No. 2 Johns Hopkins 13-12 behind Goalie Ray Finnegan's 25 saves at Annapolis, No. 1 MARYLAND coasted by Army 15-9 at West Point, and HOBART, No. 2 in the college division, whipped Ithaca 18-5 at Geneva, N.Y. as Rick Gilbert upped his career scoring total to an unprecedented 400 points with three goals and four assists.

MOTOR SPORTS—DAVID PEARSON finished two car lengths ahead of Benny Parsons to win the rain-delayed $180,000 Winston 500 in Talladega, Ala., wheeling his Mercury at an average 130.220 mph.

ROWING—HARVARD won the Adams Cup by six lengths over Pennsylvania, and WISCONSIN, the defending national champion, edged MIT by a little more than a length to take the Cochrane Cup in a dual regatta on the Charles at Cambridge, Mass. On the West Coast, WASHINGTON decisioned UCLA by four lengths on Seattle's Lake Washington.

SOCCER—Defending champion PHILADELPHIA ATOMS downed the expansion Washington Diplomats 5-1 at RFK Stadium as Striker Andy Provan registered a league single-game record nine points on four goals and an assist. Elsewhere in NASL action, BOSTON nipped Dallas 1-0 in a tie breaker, MIAMI defeated St. Louis 2-0 and BALTIMORE beat Rochester 2-1.

TENNIS—FREW McMILLAN and *BOB HEWITT of* South Africa defeated John Newcombe and Owen Davidson 6-2, 6-7, 6-1, 6-2 to win the $80,000 Rothmans World Doubles Championship in Montreal (*page 36*).

First-seeded CHRIS EVERT routed Kerry Melville 6-1, 6-3 to win a record $30,000 first prize in the $100,000 Family Circle Cup at Sea Pines, S.C. and became the first player on the women's tour to top $100,000 this season.

TRACK & FIELD—MAREN SEIDLER of the Mayor Daley Youth Foundation broke Earlene Brown's 14-year-old American record of *54' 9"* in the women's shotput with a 54' 10½" heave at San Jose.

MILESTONES—ACCEPTED By PETE MARAVICH of the Atlanta Hawks, his trade to the New Orleans NBA expansion team for the club's first-round draft choices in 1974 and 1975, its second-round picks in 1975 and 1976, plus options and other player deals extending into 1977. Maravich's three-year contract reportedly provides for an annual salary of more than $300,000.

AWARDED The Order of Lenin medal for meritorious service with athletes to BOB HIDEMAN, former U.S. Olympic coach and "father of world weight lifting" after an American team took part in a weight lifting competition at Yerevan, U.S.S.R.

FIRED ALEX HANNUM, president, coach and general manager of the ABA Denver Rockets for the past three seasons, after the Rockets finished with a 37-47 record and failed to make the playoffs for the first time since 1971.

LAUNCHED. *Courageous*, one of two 12-meter *aluminum-hulled candidates for the defense* of the America's Cup, in New York. The other boat, *Mariner*, goes into the water this week.

OVERRULED Fines of $350 and a four-day suspension levied by the Cincinnati Reds against Outfielder Bobby Tolan last season for missing a doctor's appointment ($100) and for insubordination and abusive language ($250), by a vote of 2-1 from a panel including Detroit Arbitrator Gabriel Alexander, Baseball Players' Association Executive Director Marvin Miller and Baseball Owners' Representative John Gaherin.

SIGNED To a five-year contract with the NBA Portland Trail Blazers, BILL WALTON of UCLA, reportedly for between $2 and $3 million.

DIED Sir FRANK PACKER, 67, *chairman of Australian Consolidated Press and head of the* yachting syndicate whose *Gretel* and *Gretel II* made two unsuccessful attempts in 1962 and 1970 to take the America's Cup, of pneumonia, in Sydney.

DIED WALTER LACEY PATE, 94, nonplaying captain who directed the U.S. Davis Cup tennis team to Challenge Round victories in 1937, 1938 and 1946, in Louisville.

CREDITS

9—John D. Hanlon. Heinz Kluetmeier. 28, 29—Tony Triolo. Neil Leifer. 30, 31—Neil Leifer (2), Eric Schweikardt (2). 33—Neil Leifer. 34—Heinz Kluetmeier. 35—Walter Iooss Jr. 42, 43—Illustration by Michael Romas. 54, 55—John D. Hanlon. 56—Dick Raphael (2), Sheedy & Long (3). 62—Heinz Kluetmeier. 69—Neil Leifer III. 70—Robert I. Miller. 77—Chuck Gorrison. 80, 83—Gerry Cranham. 84—Tony Triolo. 90—Tony Triolo. ABC (11). 109—Robert W. Taylor III.

FACES IN THE CROWD

RICKY BROCKWAY, a junior shortstop at Pan American in Edinburg, Texas, set an NCAA season record for stolen bases by filching his 60th (in 65 attempts) against Hardin-Simmons, breaking the mark of 59 set in 1971 by Washington State's Bobby Watts.

JANICE ANN MARTIN, a junior at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, and **DAVID PHILIP,** a senior at Bernard M. Baruch College in New York City, won the women's and men's singles events in the third annual Intercollegiate Table Tennis championships at the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse. One of 15 regional finalists in his division, Philip went undefeated in round-robin competition en route to the title, his first intercollegiate championship in four bids. Martin, who qualified for the finals in her first attempt, had a 14-1 tournament record.

TOM WASSOM, a senior at East Tennessee State, was named to the National Rifle Association's All-America team for the fourth straight year. Wassom, a former national ROTC champion, currently holds or shares 12 U.S. open and civilian records.

PHIL McMORROW, a junior at Brown, led the Bruins to the Ivy League rugby championship, scoring four tries in victories over Dartmouth (25-12), Yale (20-3) and Princeton (28-4). McMorrow has 24 tries this spring as Brown has built a 16-2 record.

LAURIE GRIFFIN, of Ithaca (N.Y.) College, was promoted from coxswain of the men's freshman crew to the men's varsity and directed it to a 2½-length victory over Buffalo State and the University of Buffalo in the Dillingham Cup Regatta on Cayuga Lake Inlet.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ALL AMERICAN BOYS

Sir:

Thank you for your article *Bruce Hardy, All American Boy* (April 29). He is obviously extremely talented. However, you left an important question unanswered. Is Bruce participating in athletics for fun, as he should be, or for a pushy father?

DAVID ALLEN

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

My concern, after reading your article, is that every father in America will now try to make his son into "the athlete I never was." This worked well with Bruce Hardy, but for other kids the incessant pushing of a father might alienate a boy from sports, especially if he hasn't the all-round potential of a Bruce Hardy. I have seen fathers yelling at their 12-year-old sons after they performed poorly in a Little League game, and it is disgusting. The purpose of schoolboy sports is not to prepare kids for professional athletics, but to give them a chance to have some fun. How can any boy enjoy a baseball game if he must worry about pleasing his dad every time he goes to bat?

BOB MURRAY

New London, Conn.

Sir:

Though hardly a star in high school, I have lettered in football, wrestling and baseball, and I am proud to say I have never had a coach—and certainly not a father—who drove me to tears over mediocre play. I have learned to take the bad with the good, and I have benefited from both experiences.

BILL MURPHY

Richmond, Va.

Sir:

Bruce Hardy the best schoolboy athlete in the country? Maybe. But here is a challenger, Dandy Dan Williams of DuPont High School near Charleston, W. Va. Consider his achievements.

He has been called the best high school quarterback in the country by *Letterman* and *Kickoff* magazines and named to at least five All-America teams, including two years on the *Scholastic Coach* team. He is the only schoolboy in West Virginia football to be twice named best player of the year. He also has won the Thom McAn award.

In baseball Dan made All-State in his junior year with a .412 batting average. He plays shortstop and third base and pitches. His won-lost record in his sophomore and junior years was 16-3, and he is unbeaten so far this year.

In basketball Williams was a starter for a state-title contender last year, and he started again this year before being sidelined by a knee injury. He was an outstanding track man in junior high before giving up that sport for baseball. *And* he is a straight-A student who has never been in a fight. Can't you at least call it a draw?

PHILIP ROBINSON

Charleston, W. Va.

continued

Here's what you'll be missing: gums, lacquers and shellac.

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Sir:

I would imagine there are quite a few people who claim to know who the nation's finest prep athlete really is, but I would like to mention Georgia's Stan Rome. He has been named a high school All-America in both football and basketball and is mentioned as a possible Olympian in track

MONTE DUTTON

Clinton, S.C.

Sir:

Your article on Bruce Hardy brought back many pleasant memories. Having been born and raised in Bingham Canyon (Utah) and graduated from Bingham High in 1959, I was delighted to see a fellow Miner get such recognition.

I might mention that the new head football coach at the University of Utah, Tom Lovat, is also a former Miner. Thank you for helping us Bingham fans keep in touch

MRS. FRED G. MORTON

Knoxville, Tenn.

UNDERSTANDING ALLEN

Sir:

I didn't think it would be possible for Ron Fimrite to top his article (*End of the Glorious Ordeal*, April 15) on Henry Aaron, but he certainly did it with his story on Dick Allen (*Big Fish in Turbulent Waters*, April 29). It was wonderful to see a sportswriter capture Allen in a fair and understanding way. Finally, someone has portrayed Allen as he is—a superstar with his own emotions and his own way of doing things. I applaud Fimrite for rising above the one-sidedness of many of his colleagues. And I applaud Dick Allen.

DENNY ASHWAY

Athens, Ga.

Sir:

Ron Fimrite described Dick Allen as a misanthrope. Allen is not a hater of mankind, he is just a hater of sportswriters, and justifiably so. He's had enough badgering and razzing from them to last him for years. I think it's about time sportswriters started to judge Allen as he is rather than as they would like him to be.

JOHN MURPHY

Gladwyne, Pa.

Sir:

In your article Chuck Tanner states that he was "shocked" at seeing a 34-year-old Warren Spahn running to meet a curfew.

Doesn't Mr. Tanner realize that everything that Warren Spahn did, on the field or off, was professional, and that his ability to follow rules, including the ones involving curfew, is what separates him from the Dick Allens?

KENNETH J. ROY

Mansura, La.

IN THE SWIM

Sir:

Congratulations on the article *Into the Pool with a Seal of Approval* (April 29). As a six-year veteran or "summer daughter" of Camp Ak-O-Mak in Ontario, I read about Buck Dawson's pranks with fond memories. I accompanied Buck at Expo '67, hoping to pass as Moshe Dayan's daughter Yael, and I taught Buck all of the Hebrew he knows—*shalom!*

Buck Dawson has done much for the young women he has guided at his summer camp, making us proud to be female athletes, giving us confidence and helping us to be more appreciative of nature. And he has done even more for the sport of swimming. Pranks aside, the Hall of Fame is finally receiving the respect it deserves. Thanks for reminding me of this dedicated man who has an unsurpassable zest for life.

NANCY (ZOOMIN') NEUMAN

Honolulu

TRUE FISH STORIES

Sir:

Thanks to William Hjortsberg for his excellent article on fishing with salmon flies (*The Big Bugs Are the Hatch to Catch*, April 29). I am a Montana native transplanted to Washington, and I had given up telling my friends here about my fishing adventures in Montana, since they had some trouble believing them. Now, armed with this new evidence, I am ready to start talking again about those exciting days along the Yellowstone River from Livingston to Gardiner with my dad, my brothers and all those salmon flies.

ROBERT PEDERSEN

Medical Lake, Wash.

NEW BRICKS FOR THE YARD?

Sir:

I have just read the article on the dream innovations for the Indianapolis Speedway (*Sprucing Up an Old Speedway*, April 22), and I must say those "improvements" are the most absurd ideas anyone could think of, especially the notion of covering the track with a plastic roof. They will have to issue earplugs to everyone who comes to a race. Also, the monorail is a very unnecessary attraction. How lazy can a person get?

The underground garage area is fine, except where are they going to put the rainwater? After the infield pit is dug to 150 feet, the levels of garage could go down another 50 feet at least. I don't think that Indianapolis' sewer lines are 300 feet underground. Think about it.

As for the psychedelic track, forget it. The poor drivers are having enough trouble at 190-plus mph without trying to find their way through those colors.

MICHAEL L. ROTH

Columbus, Ohio

continued

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. ©ETDC 1972

After a bad round, have a good one.

Toyota introduces ESP.

A warning system that helps keep minor problems from becoming major expenses.

ESP is a built-in feature located above the driver.

Take a close look at the Electro Sensor Panel pictured here. We call it ESP. And you've never seen anything like it before. That's because no other car has it. It's that new.

Toyota created ESP to monitor 11 key service areas. If just one of them needs attention, ESP pops a light on to let you know. Before you find out the hard way.

ESP works constantly when the car is running. And it gives you advance warning. That means you can correct your problem before it becomes critical.

ESP is standard equipment on the Corona Hardtops. It's a built-in feature located above the driver. To check the system, turn the key, and ESP lights up momentarily to show you that it's working.

We designed ESP to save you both time and money. But there's more. We feel that ESP takes a lot of the worry out of caring for a car. And to us, that's important. A real innovation. But then, that's what you'd expect from Toyota.

ESP monitors 11 key service areas while you're driving.

TOYOTA

Small car specialists for 40 years.

ESP may be in limited supply in your area.

Sir:

Although several of the ideas expressed were definitely improvements for better safety, most of the suggestions were repulsive. There is a certain atmosphere at Indianapolis that cannot be duplicated anywhere else. Changing the area to a circuslike environment, complete with a colored track and transparent roof, would most certainly rob much of the flavor from today's Indy. The open air, the hot black track, a trip through *the old buildings of Gasoline Alley, Back Home Again in Indiana*—these represent the true Indy.

DAVID C. WOLF

Jefferson City, Tenn.

ACROBATS

Sir:

William Johnson presented an interesting and historically correct background to the triple somersault in his article on Tito Gaona (*The World's Greatest*, April 8).

As noted in the article, Ernie Clarke first did the triple on the flying trapeze but, more importantly, Clarke turned and caught the *quadruple* in 1915 while performing with the Clarkonians in the Orrin Bros. Circus in Mexico City. Ernie and his brother Charlie executed the quadruple numerous times in practice, but did not include it in their regular act.

In the early 1910s Edmund Rainat and Raoul Monbar on many occasions executed the triple, not to a catcher, but bar to bar, a feat considered impossible by many present-day professionals.

Another interesting triple somersault was performed regularly by the Kremos, a German Risley (foot juggling) act. One of the Kremos did a triple feet to feet.

And for the record, the photograph on page 102 shows Antoinette Concello in the rings. The lady below is Jennie Rooney, an outstanding performer on the Roman rings and Spanish web.

FRED D. PFENING
Director
Circus Historical Society

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed the article on Tito Gaona. It convinced me that trapeze flyers are real athletes and not just foolish stunt men, and that the sport demands competitiveness and personal pride.

CARMEN J. GIGLIOTTI

University Park, Pa.

BABY AND THE BABE

Sir:

Part 3 of *And Along Came Ruth* (April 1) by Robert W. Creamer begins with a reference to the Babe's suspension by Judge Landis at the start of the 1922 season, and that rings a bell. It was at about that time (give

continued

Who gives you those great tasting 2/25¢ cigars?

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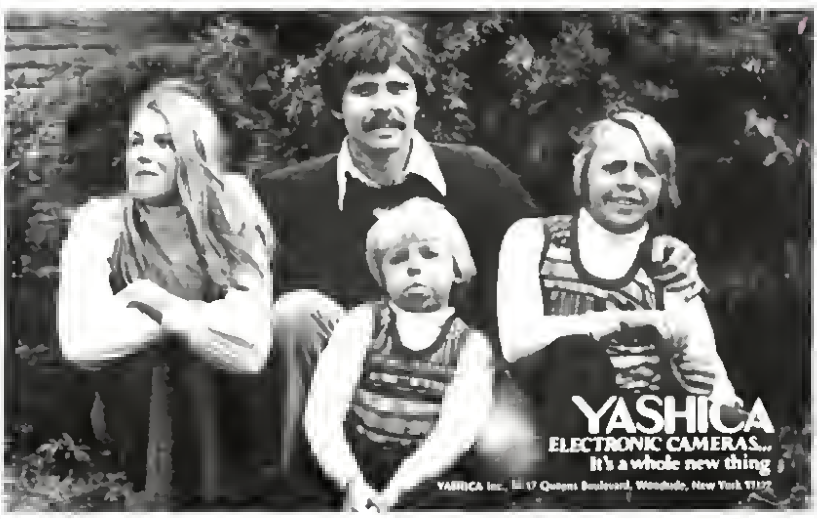
All Yashica Electro-35 cameras are designed for the occasional photographer. They're fully automatic. So that you and your family can take pictures and slides anywhere, without wasting film again. And the Electro-35's give you pictures equal to the most expensive cameras. But without the fuss, or thumbing thru instruction books. Just aim, focus, shoot, for perfect pictures everytime, the Yashica automatic way.



You'll never know how much good you can do until you do it.

Felipe Maghitang knows how much good he can do. He does it every week as a volunteer at a home for mentally retarded children.

Lawyer Barry Klickstein knows how much good he can do. He does it by volunteering to help poor people win their rights in court.

Volunteer Candy Richards knows how much good she can do. She's doing it for the children at a neighborhood day care center.

You can help people.

In fact, there's a crying need for you. Your talents. Your training. Your concerns. They can make you priceless as a volunteer in your community.

Take a moment to think of all that can be done. For children. The environment. Sick people. Old people. People who just need someone behind them.

Then take another moment to think of what you can do. Perhaps by applying your job skills or personal interests to voluntary action.

There are probably several organizations hard at work in your town doing things you'd be proud to be part of. We'll put you in touch with them. Join one. Or, if you see the need, start a new one.

If you can spare even a few hours a week, call your local Voluntary Action Center. Or write: "Volunteer," Washington, D.C. 20013.

It'll do you good to see how much good you can do.

Volunteer.

The National Center for Voluntary Action

Ad Council

or take a year) that the Baby Ruth candy bar was first marketed. It soon became a best-seller.

By 1948, when I was working for the Curtiss Candy Co. (the company has since been absorbed by Standard Brands), a couple of generations of American youth had grown up with the conviction that the company's principal confection honored their hero—and, indeed, that its name was spelled with an "e." It was quite common to hear small boys ask for a "Babe Ruth" as they shoved their coins across the candy counter, and, for all I know, it is so to this day.

It is very difficult to believe that the simultaneous ascendancy of Babe Ruth and Baby Ruth was simple coincidence. But the official story at Curtiss was that the company had reached back into history for the name of its candy bar. It was named after the first presidential child to be born in the White House, Ruth Cleveland. And, at the time of Babe Ruth's death in 1948, that was the story that was given by Curtiss to curious reporters.

However, the explanation understandably dissatisfied the Sultan of Swat in the 1920s. As I recall the story, he approached the candy maker with a lawyer and the modest suggestion that the spelling of Baby's name be modified in exchange for a testimonial arrangement.

Otto Schnering, the company founder, gave the proposal some thought, but he also considered the separate reputations of the Babe and the Baby. As your story relates, Babe Ruth's personal behavior was becoming less than exemplary in the mid-'20s, and, after all, Baby Ruth was chock full of pure, wholesome goodness. Schnering, so the story goes, decided that Mr. Ruth might sully his product.

Whereupon the Babe formed something called the George Herman Ruth Candy Company and prepared to market his own candy bar, presumably one with its name spelled correctly.

That was too much. Schnering took the matter to law, and the Bambino was declared out. Officially then, Baby Ruth was Ruth Cleveland and Babe Ruth was somebody else.

Oddly enough, it appears at this late date that nobody bothered to check the record. The fact is, Ruth Cleveland wasn't born in the White House at all. She was born in 1891 in New York City (appropriately on Madison Avenue), and her father wasn't even President at the time.

As it happens, the first child of a President to be born in the White House was Ruth's sister, Esther Cleveland.

A Baby *Esther*? Man, it would never sell.

RICHARD H. LABONTE
Promotion Director
Business Week
New York City

continued

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Gustav Klimt

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DISTANT RUNNERS

Sir:

I enjoyed the article on The Hunky Bunch (*Hawaiian Eyes on Boston*, April 15). However, I was dismayed to see that once again when SI does a fine story on long-distance running it is under the heading of Track & Field.

Long-distance runners train differently, eat differently and probably even think differently from competitors in track and field. In addition there is nothing very similar about the 100-yard dash and a 10-mile road run, except that in both cases the participant is running. However, so does the ball carrier in football run.

We long-distance runners appreciate stories about us that show understanding of our sport, but we would like that recognition to extend to our getting our own billing. Track and field is a terrific sport but it's not the one I am participating in.

JEFFREY S. DARMAN
Vice-President
D.C. Road Runners Club
Washington, D.C.

APPALOOSA LINES

Sir:

I must take issue with the SCORECARD item (April 8) in which you discuss the crossbreeding of the Appaloosa Leola with Secretariat, the "fashionable gentleman of impeccable lineage." According to your story, Secretariat's owner, Mrs. Helen Tweedy, has refused to approve the registration of her horse as the father of the Appaloosa Leola's foal. You quote Dan Miller as stating that this registration would "inject class into Appaloosa lines."

While I have great admiration for Secretariat, as an owner of the Appaloosa stallion Cody's War Man, who is the grandson of Ace Admiral and the great-grandson of the immortal Man o' War, I would say we already have a great deal of class in our Appaloosa breeding.

War Man does not look like a "sturdy, compact . . . cow pony" but like a 16-hand thoroughbred with spots. What is more, he also has the best possible Appaloosa characteristics, a calm disposition and great intelligence.

Perhaps if Mrs. Tweedy could see some of our Appaloosas (none of which could ever be purchased for the $300 price you mention for Leola), she would be less reluctant to allow Secretariat's name to be associated with an Appaloosa.

ELIZABETH A. INGRAM
Trail's End Ranch
Trinity, N.C.

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And you can trade in your paint brush for a Seven & Seven.

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The Seven & Seven.

Made with the whiskey America likes best.

Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's favorite.

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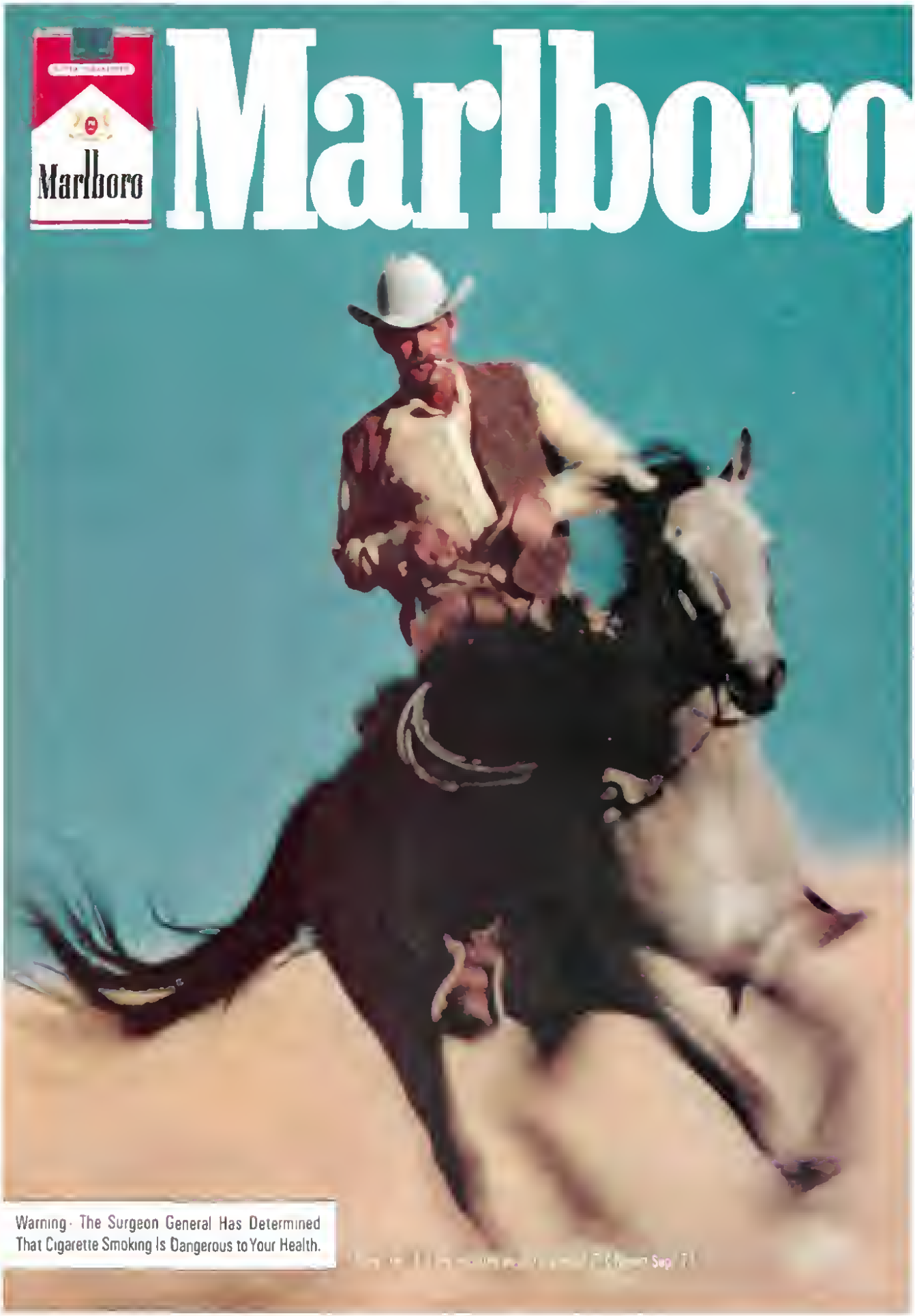
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